



John Dryden, Esq;



John Dryden, Esq;

LUCTUS BRITANNICI:

OR THE

TEARS

OF THE

British Muses;

FOR THE

DEATH

OF

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq,

LATE

Poet Laureat to Their Majesties, K. *Charles*
and K. *James* the Second.

WRITTEN

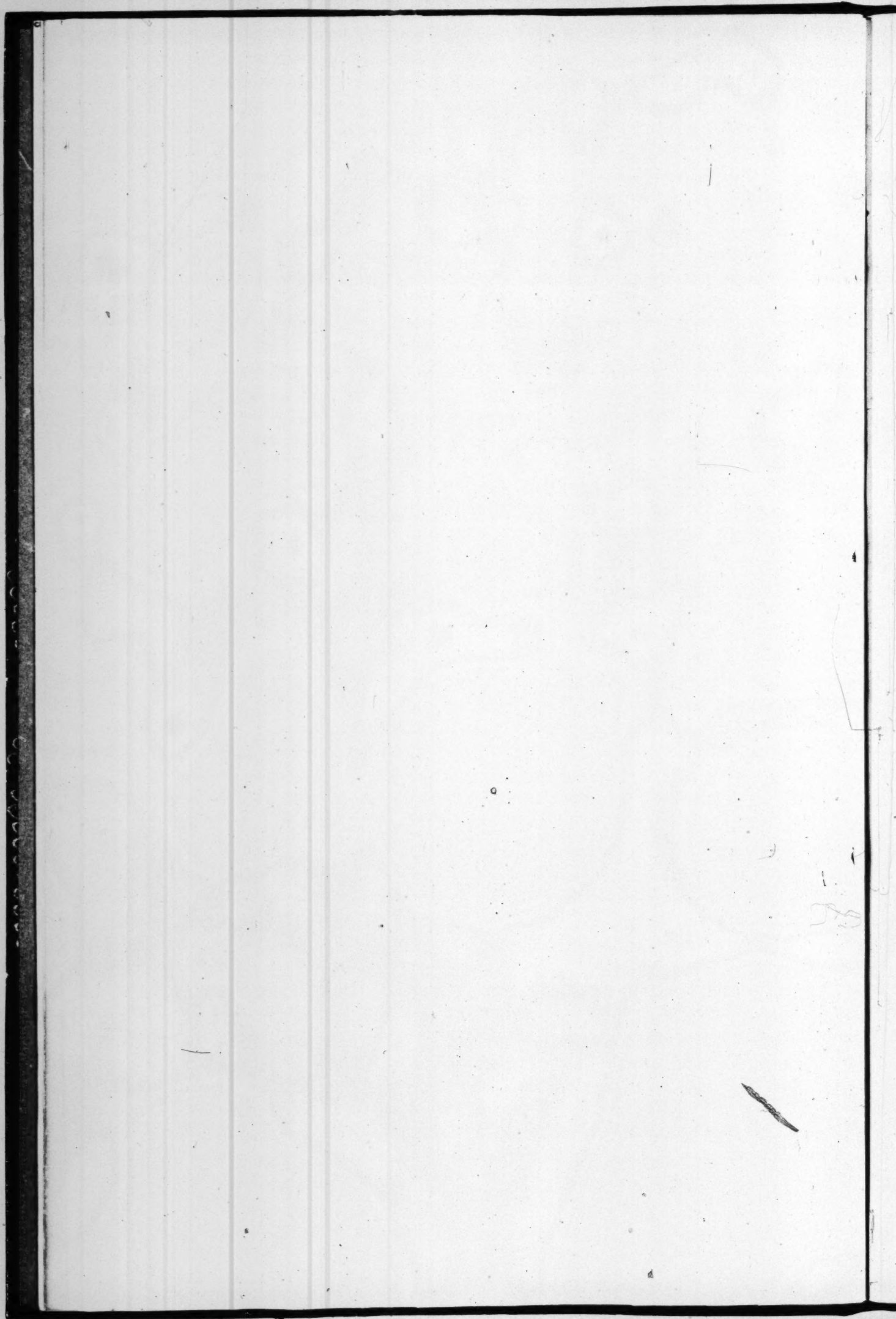
By the most Eminent Hands in the two Famous *Univer-*
sities, and by several Others.

For ev'n when Death dissolve's our Humane Frame,
The Soul return's to Heav'n, from whence it came,
Earth keep's the Body, Verſe preserves the Fame.

Mr. Dryden, in his Epistle to his Kinsman, in his Fables Ancient and Modern.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Henry Playford*, in the *Temple-Change*, and *Abel Roper*, at
the *Black-Boy* in *Fleet-street*: And Sold by *John Nutt*, near *Station-*
er's-Hall. 1700.



T O

William Stephens, Esq;

Of Barton, in the Isle of Wight.

S I R,

THE great Worth of the Deceas'd, who is the Lamented Subject of the following Poems, and the great value You had for His inestimable Composures, will, We hope, render the Present which is made to You of 'em, more acceptable. You have too great a knowledge of His Merit, to want any thing to be said here in it's behalf, and are so unwilling to hear any Panegyric on Your own, that We shall omit the Common way of Dedications. And, since it is no News to those who have the Honour of Your Acquaintance, to be told, You are the Delight of the Country You live in; that Your Temper is without Affectation, Your Behaviour Courteous; Your Generosity bounded with Discretion; and that You have all the Politeness of the City in an Island so remote from it. We shall only beg the favour of Your Patronage for what is Consecrated to the Memory of a Gentleman, who when Living, deserv'd more than one *Mecænas*, and beg leave to Subscribe,

S I R,
Your most Humble,
and most Obedient Servants,
Henry Playford.
Abel Roper.

The Booksellers to the R E A D E R.

Though the Gentlemen who have contributed to this Excellent Collection stand in need of no Advocates to Vindicate what they have Written: Yet the Reflections of some who decry'd the Design, because they had no concern in it, and the Matice of others, who gave it out for an Un-correct and Trifling Performance, renders a defence of it wholly Necessary. The Reader will soon be satisfied, that the Care which has been taken in Compiling this Volume, has been more than has hitherto been usual in Collections of this Nature, and will agree with us, that Justice has been done to the Great Man they are written in Honour of. As the Gentlemen whom we have entrusted with the Supervisal and Choice of the several Poems, have had our Thanks, so we question not, but they will have those of the Reader:

And if some Gentlemen among the many others, whose Verses are not inserted, should take it amiss, we can excuse ourselves no other way, than by giving them to understand, we are satisfied of the Judgment of those Learned Gentlemen, who did us the favour of making Choice of the most Valuable Performances, though they may perhaps call it in question, because it has run Counter to theirs.

H. P.

A. R.

LUCTUS BRITANNICI.

To the MEMORY of
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

WHEN Kings or Poets (greater Monarchs) die,
(For even they must yield to Destiny)
Who can refuse a Tribute to their Hearse ?
A grateful Tribute of a weeping Verse ?

When Poets fall, Death strikes a general Blow,
And Kings and Kingdoms share the Mighty Woe ;
They and their Deeds together would decay,
Their Kingdoms too now flourishing, and gay,
Must shortly yield to some fierce Enemy,
And low in Ruines and Oblivion lie,
Were not some pitying Poet nigh.

Troy still remains a Foyle to envious Age,
And dares the *Græcian's* Power and Goddess's Rage ;
Embalm'd in Sacred Rhimes its Heroes live,
Nor shall e'en Time their Memory survive :
But *Greece* no more this Noble Song shall boast,
And *Rome's* last Refuge is in *Maro* lost :

B

Rome

Rome govern'd still in that harmonious Song;
 But now the Glory does to us belong.
 The Mighty *Dryden* bears aloft the Prize,
 Rais'd on the Mantuan Swan away he flies,
 Sung his last Song, and mounted to the Skies.

Ye Sons of Art! one farewell Verse bestow,
 If yet your Grievs a calm of Thought allow.
 Numbers perhaps your Sorrows may assuage;
 Let *Dryden* then the pensive Muse engage;
Dryden! ----- the Wonder of a wondrous Age.
Dryden! The Charms of whose commanding Pen,
 Immortaliz'd the best and worst of Men.
 He rais'd forgotten Heroes from their Graves,
 And Re-inthron'd, whom Death had deem'd her Slaves:
 Fly trembling Ghost! ---- th' incestuous *Theban* raves;
 The frighted *Laius* hears, and dares not stay,
 But back to *Acheron* he wings his wondring way.

E'en now the Roman *Anthony* repines,
 And the scorn'd Globe for Love ambitiously resigns:
 While busie Statesmen 'gainst their Monarchs plot,
Achitophel shall never be forgot.

Nor *Cromwell* e'er shall feel the force of Time;
 Now he may justly glory in his Crime,
 Condemn'd to Greatness by thy greater Rhime.
 Preposterous Kindness!Sh--ll too in Thee
 Is handed down to late Posterity.

Thou

Thou didst the *Greek* and *Roman* Mines explore,
 Refin'dst and purifi'dst the baser Oar,
 Before thou land'st it on the *British* Shore.
 Thou with new Flames didst *Ovid's* Breast inspire ;
 Thou charm'dst when e'er thou tun'dst the *Roman* Lyre ;
 Didst with more awful Rage the Satyrists fire ;
 Thou chac'dst the Clouds that did their Thoughts obscure,
 And mad'st their Streams more Chrystalline and pure.
 Thou'st taught *Lucretius* a far Nobler Song,
 His Numbers smother, and his Proofs more strong.
Theocritus and all the Bards of old,
 Compell'd by Thee their Mysteries unfold.

But stop my Muse ! unable to relate
 His juster Glories, let us mourn his Fate.
 To sing his Praises gives but weak Relief ;
 The greater was his Praise, the greater is our Grief.

When Years and Cares did *Ovid's* Breast invade,
 His Lawrels faded as his Youth decay'd,
 Age too, th' *Achaean* Muse betray'd.
 But *Dryden* still stemm'd this unequal Tide,
 Did o'er these threatning Waves in Triumph ride,
 Laught at their Envy, and expos'd their Pride.
 Not Age's Frost could thy brisk Spirits bind,
 Or chill the active Vigour of thy Mind.

In vain did baffled Age pursue,
 Whilst Eagle-like, thou didst thy Bloom renew.

(4)

Thy powerful Nature felt no slow Decay;
But thy (mourn'd) Night was glorious as thy Day.

Farewel bright Shade! and Triumph in the Grave;
Poets in Death their truest Glories have.
The well-plac'd Lawrel, which did once adorn
Thy aged Brow, shall thence no more be torn:
Untouch'd it shall around thy Temples spread;
Kings Crown'd thee living; but *Fate* Crown'd thee dead.

Ch. Vi.

*On this Collection of P O E M S upon the Death
of Mr. Dryden.*

THO' well we know this Monument we frame,
Can nothing add to his Immortal Name,
Yet when a Theme so noble doth invite
Our grateful Pens, who can forbear to write?
'Tis true that *Dryden's* worth there's none so well
As *Dryden's* self in his own Works can tell;
But still these Essays this new Knowledge raise,
That as his Merits far exceed our Praise,
So, tho' remorseless Fate did never yield
For Fancy's various Flights a larger Field;
Yet, He, by Sense and Judgment rais'd, more fit
A Master was than Subject is of Wit.

X. Z.

On the DEATH of Mr. DRYDEN.

By a Person of QUALITY.

A Dieu! Harmonious *Dryden*, and receive
 The last poor Tribute Poetry can give.
 Adieu! Thou Glory of our Isle, Adieu!
 A long: Farewell to Poetry and *TOU*.
 With *You* the sweetness of our Muses die's:
 Deep in *Your* Tomb the *British* Genius lie's:
 You were our Muse's darling, ev'ry Page
 Of *Your's* she blest: Nor could the Wrongs of Age,
 Weaken *your* Vigour, nor *your* Warmth assuage.
 But now for *You* she droops, can scarce rehearse
 Some wretched Numbers to attend *Your* Herse.
 In ev'ry Strain, in ev'ry Note we hear
 Sad Melancholy Sounds of black Despair.
 Not such as when flush'd with Diviner Rage,
 She grew a Match for *Virgil's* Sacred Page:
 Such, as when late, on *Tyber's* Banks she stood,
 And with a decent Horror dy'd the Field with Blood.
 Where in each Page engaging Hero's join,
 And Great *Æneas* fight's in ev'ry Line.
 All this we owe to *You*, Ungrateful then,
 If Tears and *Your* Just Praises we refrain.

For *You* our Virgins Mourn; *Your* Moving Strains,
 Were sweet as ev'ning Breezes on the Plains;
 Soft as the tender Sighs that fan Desire;
 Kind as the first approach of Amorous Fire.
 Your gentle Numbers ev'ry Heart cou'd move,
 Inspire soft Thoughts, and melt us into Love.
 Yet there is not a Souldier in our Isle,
 But shews a Manly Sorrow at *Your* P I L E.

In *You*, Secure of Fame, he bravely fought;
 The Hero Conquer'd when the Poet Wrote:
 He knew your Pen wou'd well reward his Wars,
 And give a Noble Recompence for honest Scars!

Vice from *Your* Satyr always Vanquish'd fled,
 Your angry Numbers struck the Monster Dead:
 Your happy Pen all Impious Factions quell'd,
 After you Wrote, no *Absalom* Rebell'd.
 Great *Juvenal* amidst the Shades below,
 Was pleas'd, to see himself Reviv'd in *You*.:
 He Smil'd, and in *Elysium* gave Applause,
 To see so Great a *Second* in the Cause:

What ever heretofore old *Rome* Admir'd,
 When *Terence*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, lay Inspir'd;
 When Great *Lucretius* form'd an Infant World,
 Of Justling Atoms in Confusion hurl'd:
 What e'er sweet *Ovid*'s Softness cou'd Inspire;
 What e'er the kind *Tibullus*'s Amorous Fire,
 We read in *You*. Why then shou'd our Esteem
 Be less for *Dryden*, than was *Rome*'s for them?
 Shall we not Grieve? No, it shall ne'er be said
Britain's Ungrateful, when Her Poet's Dead.
 Behold, the Patrons of our Isle appear,
 To Praise the Poet, and Adorn the Bier;
 With Pompous Sorrow to the Tomb they go,
 Mix Praise with Tears, Magnificence with Woe;
 And o'er his Urn erect a Noble Frame,
 Worthy the Poet's and the Patron's Name.

June 1st. Oxon.

To

To the Memory of John Dryden, Esq;

WHilst every Tongue, and every Pen's employ'd
 To tell the Nation what we once Enjoy'd,
 My mournful Muse shall with the rest, Admire,
 With equal Grief, tho' not with equal Fire:
 Each Mourner must his proper Office keep;
 Their business is to Praise, and mine to Weep:
 But, Ah! what Tongue, what Pen can ever show
 This fatal Loss, this dismal Scene of Woe!
 Mute is that Voice! and mute those Heavenly Lays!
 Whose wondrous Harmony alone could raise
 An equal Monument to *Dryden's* Praise!
 In His own Verse, how Glorious would he shine!
 The Subject and the Praises both Divine!
 Then might we Wit in true Perfection see,
 Where Thoughts and Subject mutually agree;
 Where brightest Language with just Numbers meet
 With *Virgil's* Conduct, and with *Pindar's* Heat;
 Like *Horace*, Moving, and like *Ovid*, Sweet:
 Such happy Wonders did his Gen'rous Muse,
 In ev'ry Page, and ev'ry Line Infuse.
 When Young, he wrote with all the sense of Age,
 Each sparkling Thought was Still, Sedate and Sage;
 When Old, was fir'd with all His youthful Rage.
 When his bold Muse attempts the Tragic Strain,
 How noble was his Stile! how rich his Vein!
 Each Play he gave us, was a finish'd Piece,
 And rival'd the *Triumvirate* of Greece.
 Then He transported us with gay Delight;
 But when he Pleas'd, could as severely Bite.

His

His piercing Rhime could smartly ridicule
 The Factious Senator, and Scribling Fool:
 How true he level'd his unerring Wit,
 Where every Fault, each darling Vice was hit!
 His Muse and Mind both the same Dress did wear,
 Sharp, yet not Rough, Serene, and yet Severe.
 When the bright Fair adorn'd his Charming Song,
 How smoothly did His Numbers glide along!
 In what soft Order did his Periods Move!
 Like the mild Transports of Seraphick Love:
 How eas'ly into Harmony they fell,
 We all may wond'ring view, but who can tell?
 Tell me ye Criticks! Can your Rules of Art,
 Such Heavenly Musick, with such Charms, impart?
 No, 'tis that noble Heat, that sparkling Fire,
 The Muses give, when they their Sons Inspire,
 That Warm's the Soul, which kindly do's dispense
 Such tuneful Numbers, with such shining Sense:
 This *Dryden* felt,—but ah! can feel no more;
 No Muse can his extinguish'd Heat restore:
 They only can afford their pious aid,
 To help the Living to lament the Dead.

Farewell Great *Dryden*! Thou shalt ever stand
 The Sacred *Homer* of the *British* Land!
 For ever will we offer at thy Shrine,
 Invoke no other Muse, but only Thine,
 If thou but Smile, the Work will be Divine.

Cath. Hall, Cambridge,
 May 16. 1700.

W. Worts.

On the Memory of the Great DRYDEN.

ON *Jordan's Banks* the gazing Prophets stood,
 And saw the Great *Elijah* pass the Flood;
 They saw the *HOST* descend the Radiant Air,
 And saw *Him* mounted in the flaming *Carr*:
 This Glorious Scene they saw with vast Surprise;
 For still they gaz'd, and scarce believ'd their Eyes.
 So now with us, we hear the Funeral Knell;
 The *Hearse* is stop'd before the Dismal Cell.
 With flowing Eyes *His* Friends the Corps bemoan,
 And yet we cannot think our *DRYDEN* gone.
 Long fix'd Belief, is very hard Untaught,
 For *Him* Immortal, as *His* Works, we thought.

Hail *DRYDEN*! Hail! Oh! would *His* awful Name
 Inspire my Breast with *His* peculiar Flame;
 My throbbing Soul should forth in Raptures stream,
 And Lofty Numbers dress the Lofty Theme.
 I'd sing the Labours of *His* matchless Pen,
 And Mourn the Nation's loss of such a God-like Man.

What did he not to Fame a wretched Age?
 What wondrous Scenes he gave the thankless Stage?
 Survey *His* Works! see the stupendous Pile!
 Without the Dross, the Gold of all our Isle.
 What Noble Wit through ev'ry Volume shines?
 What sparkling Thoughts adorn the sparkling Lines?
 The *Grecian* Wits *He* brought unravell'd home,
 And wove 'em richer in the *British* Loom.

D

Great

Great *Plautus's* Ghost Rejoic'd to hear it told,
 Our *Dryden* mix'd his Stuff with Threds of Gold.
 His hand alone could mould our Rugged Tongue,
 And make it bend to *Juvenal's* Biting Song.
 Majestick *Maro* too *He* fetch'd from *Rome*,
 And made him Triumph here, as once at *Home*.
 Oh! had he Liv'd, what wou'd he not have done?
 What Wonders had his boundless Soul begun?
 With Tears I must Great *Homer's* Loss rehearse,
 Redeem'd e'er this, from base degrading Verse.
 Close on the *Stygian* Verge the Genius stood,
 Ready to take the Bark, and stem the Flood.
 What Joy it felt! How did the Phantom smile!
 Charm'd with the hopes of visiting our Isle!
 Poor cheated Shade! back to your Mansion go,
 None dares attempt to waft you over now.
 The *Piece* the Fam'd *Apelles* once began,
 Could ne'er be finish'd by another Man.
 Who now will care a *British* Muse to read?
 The Soul! the God of *English* Verse is Dead!

Yet, after all *His* great Atchievements done,
 Of which the least a Deathless Wreath has won;
 Some wretched Men, (I speak it to their Shame)
 Have drawn their Impious Pens to daub His Fame;
 Tho all their spight could not provoke *His* Ire,
 Nor did *He* make the trifling things retire;
 But Lion-like, disdain'd Ignoble Wars,
 And scorn'd to turn, and tear the whiffling Curs.

But stay, Methinks I see Great *Congreve* Frown,
 And *Southern* look's with Indignation down,

To see an Unlearn'd Pen, unknown to Fame,
In tuneless Lines Prophane their *Father's* Name :
My Muse, at sight of *Theirs*, is Aw'd and gone,
As twinkling Stars expire before the *Sun*.

Dodderball in Com. Bucks,
May 28th. 1700.

A. M.

On the DEATH of Mr. DRYDEN.

Dead! No, 'tis all Mistake, he cannot Die;
Who e'er like *Him* secures *His* Memory.
His Soul, and Fame 'how e'er his Body die,
Shall share unequal Immortality.
Tho Common Fate require his Vital breath,
He still is safe, and born to Fame in Death.
His Works with each succeeding Age shall vie,
And only with all humane Nature die.
Inferior Wits, like lesser Stars, each Age,
Have found with twinkling light to serve the Stage;
But *He*, like *Blazing-Star*, more rare in Sight,
Was rich in Wit, Extravagant in Light.
But this unwonted Fate, 'bove all we fear,
Tho he dy'd *Rich*, yet none can be his *Heir*.

Hen. Hoyle, A. M.
Trin. Col. Cantab.

On

On the Death of Mr. John Dryden.

L Et others, when some Mighty Man they'd Praise,
 And Trophies equal to *His* Merits raise,
 A single Muse Invoke, t' Inspire their Lays :
 But now there's need of all the Sacred *Nine*
 Nay, *Phæbus* too must in the Concert join, (Divine.
 To make the Numbers Sweet, to make the Thoughts

He's gone, the Glory of our *English* Stage,
 The Learned't Poet in the Learned't Age.
 Soft was *His* Verse, and Charming was his Song,
 His Genius sprightly, and his Fancy young.
 Ev'n Age on *Him* had no Impression made;
 The *Poet* Flourish'd, tho' the *Man* Decay'd.

They say indeed, Art's long, and Life but Short;
 But 'tis not always so——
 For tho' he did the utmost bounds of Knowledge find,
 They were not half so large as his Capacious Mind.

What tho' Impartial Fate ha's taken *Him* away,
 Reduc'd *His* Body to its Native Clay?
 Yet in *His* Works he will for ever live,
 In *Congreve* too his Glory will survive;
Congreve the Lawful Heir of all his Sense,
 His Language, Fancy, and his Eloquence;
 To which Estate none else can make Pretence.

B. K. Trin. Col. Cantab.
 Alum.

To

To the Memory of the truly Honoured JOHN
 DRYDEN, Esq;

By a Young L A D Y.

Disconsolate *Britannia* Mourning fate,
 Sighs told her Loss, and Tears *Neander's* Fate:
 Each recollected Line, renew'd *Her* Care,
 And ev'ry Thought Inham'd her vast Despair.
 Thus Gen'rous Grief, long struggl'd in *Her* Breast,
 But want of Language, Passion's Voice suppress:
 At last, spring-tides of Sorrow Silence broke,
 And, in an Agony, these words she spoke;

Ye Pow'rs above, that Rule this Earthly Stage;
 Ye Sacred *Numens* of the present Age,
 What has *Britannia* done, to meet your Hate?
 Why is she punish'd in *Neander's* Fate?
 Could none but *He*, have made your Anger known?
 Could nothing less than *He*, your Wrath atone?
 He, whom *Apollo's* sacred Self Inspir'd;
 Envy'd by many, but by most Admir'd:
 Who gave us *Virgil* in our Native Tongue;
 And *Absalom's* Misfortunes so Divinely Sung.

DRYDEN! on whom each Science did attend,
 The greatest Genius, and the greatest Friend;
 Who *Juvenal* and *Persius* overcame;
He taught them *English*, yet preserv'd their Flame.

E

With

With Worlds of Words *He* did our Speech Refine,
 And Manly strength with Modern softness join :
 Each Language made subservient to *His* end,
 And those Acquiescs as bravely did Defend.

Not Fam'd *Timotheus* could with greater ease
 Command our Anger, or our Wrath appease :
 True Measure with *his* Verse, our Passions kept,
 And as *He* Pleas'd, we either Smil'd, or Wept.
 How Noble was *His* Stile, Sublime *his* Thought !
 How nicely Just was ev'ry Piece he wrote !
 But with *His* last, what Numbers can compare ?
 Not dying Swan's more Sweet and Regular.

And till *Neander* Grac'd the *British* Sphere,
 How abject did our Muses Sons appear !
 They Coasted by the Shoar a Lazy way,
 But all the Inlands Undiscover'd lay :
 Wit's Empire *Dryden* boldly did explore,
 And like the Hero, could have Wept for more ;
 But Gen'rously He check'd His Noble Rage,
 And for His *Albion's* sake, His Passion did assuage :
 Through gloomy Shades unlighted by the day,
 And Heights untrod, He forc'd an open way :
 For ev'ry Province *Beacons* did provide,
 And marks succeeding Travellers to guide :
 Then gave us Charts of what was long Conceal'd,
 And to th' admiring World, th' *Incognita* reveal'd.

Oh! had ye lengthen'd out His fleeting Hours ;
 Had he but liv'd t'ave made Great *Homer* ours ;
 Redeem'd his injur'd Sire, and set him free
 From *Chapman*, *Hobb's*, and mangling *Ogilby* :

How

How had the Bard exulted in *his* mind!
And with what Pleasure *his* Great Soul resign'd!

But ah! *Britannia*, thou complain'st too late;
There's no reversing the Decrees of Fate;
In vain we Sigh, in vain alas, we Mourn,
Th' illustrious *P O E T* never will return.
All like *himself* he Dy'd, so calm so free,
As none could equal, but *his Emily*.

Weep, weep, *Britannia*, never cease thy Tears,
But still encrease thy Sorrow with thy Years:
'Twas mighty *Dryden* gave thy Island Fame,
And made that Honour lasting, with his Name.
This said—She Pensively reclining lay,
And spent with Grief, wore out the tedious day:
When sudden Beams of Light around her broke,
And in a Vision, thus *Apollo* spoke.

Much lov'd *Britannia*, from this Posture rise,
Lament no more, nor dull thy beauteous Eyes:
See where thy *Dryden* at my Elbow stand's,
And with what Pow'r he now the Nine Command's:
To gain *his* Plaudit, how they all aspire,
And he the Genius is of *Albion's* Tuneful Quire.
Then up thou sluggish Isle, revere *his* Name
Let all thy Sons my *Dryden's* Worth proclaim,
And in Elegiac Numbers celebrate *his* Fame.

To the Memory of John Dryden Esq;

With floods of Tears, and with unbounded Grief,
 We Mourn the Muse departed in *Her* Chief;
 As ev'ry Poet Crown'd with *Cypress*, pay's
 And Consecrates the Lawrel to *Thy* Praise;
 Weeping to see such Hoary Merits fall,
 And blaming Fate's irrevocable Call.

Oh! sacred Bard, in whose instructive Strains,
Maro's high Sense, with *Maro's* Beauty reign's;
 In whose Translations, we their Author's see,
 And truly know their Worth, by knowing *Thee*!
 Accept the Sorrows which thy Sons bestow,
 And Sighs, which from our Breasts incessant flow;
 Grief is the only Off'ring we can give,
 Since thou who taught'st us Verse, ha'st ceas'd to Live:
 Not, but thy Poems Dare the Fatal Pow'rs,
 And give that Life *Thou* can'st not take from Ours.

Richard Berridge, Cent.

To the Memory of John Dryden, Esq;

Greece had a *Homer*; *Rome* a *Virgil* lost,
 And well *Britannia* do's her *Dryden* Boast:
 And still shall Boast the Beauties of the Dead,
 And with the freshest *Bays* adorn his Head.
 The Sacred Wreath, that long so well was worn,
 Shall now no more be from His Temples torn;
 No more of slighted Merit we complain,
 Now *Tom* the Second, may securely Reign.

Hail

Hail mighty Bard, that ha'it for half an Age,
 Reign'd Lord of Wit, and Monarch of the Stage!
 Who can compare, or match such mighty Force?
 That cou'd so swift set out, and yet keep on the Course!
 We oft have Poets seen, that well cou'd please,
 Out-live their Wit, as some their Prophecies.
 Thus Learned *Cr—ch*, sung *Horace* to his Cost;
 Thus Paradise was in *re-gaining* lost.

Where shall I first endeavour to commend?
 The Task is hard, but harder where to end.
 The perfect'ft Poem that the Age can show,
 To Your inimitable Pen we owe:
 Tho' some dispute the Prize, yet sure there's none
 That can compare with beautious *Absolon*:
 The Thought so just, Your Turns so Ravishing,
 As void of blemish, as the Youth you sing.

Altho' the *Panther* be but half Divine,
 Yet for one Fault, a thousand Beauties shine.
 'Twou'd have had more, and been allow'd more Wit,
 Had it less Partially been Read, or Writ.
Mac Flekno still will in thy Verse be known,
 When he shall be forgotten in his own.
 Thus, tho' of *Mævi*us, nothing now survives,
 The Sot Lampoon'd in *Virgil*, ever Lives.

Hail happy Bard, that doubly dost excell!
 At once to Write so much, and Write so well!
 Age, that in others doth the Sense decay,
 And with the *Man* the *Poet* wears away,

Made mighty Thee but more Correct and scarce
 Thy Face it Furrow'd, but it fill'd thy Vertue;
 And what in Memory it pass'd away,
 It did much more in juster Judgment pay:
 Thus when the *Sun* dart's up its Western Rays,
 Tho' not so warm, it cast's a brighter blaze:
 In ev'ry Line, the fire of Youth we see;
 Nor is thy latest Work, unworthy Thee.
 New Cloath'd by You, how *Chaucer* we esteem;
 When You've new Polish'd it, how bright the Jem!
 And lo, the Sacred Shade for thee make's room,
 Tho' Souls so like, should take but up one Tomb.

Oh! had You liv'd to give us all Your *Sire*,
 And shew'd th' Unlearned World the *Grecian* Fire,
Homer, who do's all Mortal Men excel,
 The first that wrote, and last that wrote so well,
 You had the Bard from *Chapman's* Chains let free,
 As *Virgil* You redeem'd from *Ogilby*.

Long ha's He been with two Translations Curs'd,
 Both bad, but the *Philosopher's* the worst:
 Both have Burlesq'd Him with assiduous Toil,
 And *Greek*, as well as *Hebrew*, *Sternholt's* Spoil.

All own You had enough of Fame before,
 And only by Your Death cou'd purchase more.
 To value You aright, an Age we want,
 (Age that improve's both Poetry and Paint)
 Then will thy Name to Verse a Sanction give,
 And *DRYDEN* will as long as Numbers, live.

Thus

Thus. when at Statues of an *Attick* Hand,
 With long Delight, Mankind admiring stand;
 And on the Mould, and on the shining Mass,
 With Ardour, and with Adoration gaze,
 So soft the Marble, and so smooth the Brass.
 But while they're wondring who so well Design'd,
 If on the bulging Base, they *Phidias* find,
 Tho' from the Name, it no new Worth receive's,
 The Noble Piece, a vaster Value give's.

Hail mighty Master of thy Mother Tongue,
 More smooth than *Waller*. or than *Denham* strong!
 Pompous in Praise, in Satyr as Severe,
 As *Cowly* Wittv, as *Roscommon*, Clear.
 What secret Magick lye's in ev'ry Verse,
 That does so move the Mind. so please the Ears!
 That Tuneul Turn, that Charming Mvstery,
 You shew'd to none but Noble *Normanby*,
 Or if to any other Bard 'tis known,
 'Tis to engaging *Garth*, and *Addison*,
 The fittest now to fill thy Vacant Throne.

Let us look back, and Noble Numbers trace
 Directly up from Ours, to *Chaucer's* days;
Chaucer, the first of Bards in Tune that Sung,
 And to a better bent reduc'd the stubborn Tongue.

Spencer upon his Master much Refin'd,
 He Colour'd sweetly, tho' he ill Design'd;
 Too mean the Model for so vast a Mind.
 Thus while he try's to make his Stanza's Chime,
 Good *Christian* Thoughts turn *Renegade* to Rhime.

'Twas

'Twas *Fairfax* first the sounding Couplet taught,
 His Diction Noble, and sublime his Thought ;
 From whose fair Copy, well our *Waller* wrote ;
 But what he wanted Life or Pow'r to do,
 Is happily at last atchiev'd by You.
 And as what *Virgil*, and what *Horace* sung,
 Is still the Standard of the *Latin Tongue*,
 So will Thy Works to long Posterity,
 The Touch-stone of our *British* Poesy be.
 Thus, when Old *Rome* had reach'd her utmost height,
 She quickly bent beneath th' unweildy Weight.
 Thus towring Tides, that can no farther flow,
 Must to their Father *Ocean* backward go.

Henry Hall.

A P A S T O R A L,
 On the Death of Mr. D R Y D E N.

Damon. Alexis.

Dam. **T**ELL me *Alexis*, tell thy faithful Swain,
 Why my lov'd Shepherd thus forsake's the Plain;
 Now in this cheerful Season of the Year,
 When smiling Nymphs fresh Garlands do prepare,
 Why shou'd the lov'd *Alexis* Disappear ?
 Thy Flocks are well, thy Charming *Nisa*'s kind,
 And *Damon* love's thee too, nor can'st thou find,
 Beyond all these, ought to affect thy Mind.

Alexis. Ah *Damon* that ungrateful Search decline,
 I've News will shock thy Breast, as well as mine ;

Thou

Thou may'st before it is no common thing,
 Can drive me from the Glories of the Spring;
 No Vulgar Sorrow could prevail above
 Care of my Flocks, and Thine and *Nisa's* Love.
 Know'st thou, *Palæmon*? D--- That you might have spar'd,
 What Swain of Great *Palæmon* ha's not hear'd?
 When their best Arts the Rival Shepherds try'd,
 I hear'd *Palæmon* the Great Cause decide,
 With such a Grace he clos'd the envious Fray,
 That both the Jarring Youths went Pleas'd away.
 Oft with commanding skill He'd Charm the Plains,
 And ravish with soft Airs, th' attentive Swains,
 Who doubt if *Pan* himself ha's sweeter Strains.
 We chuse *May-Lady* before long, and then,
 I hope to hear his Tuneful Voice agen.

Alexis. Alas! fond Youth, thy fruitless hopes give o'er,
 This Great, this Lov'd *Palæmon* is no more;
 Breathless and Cold, the lost *Palæmon* lie's,
 Cold as this Earth, thus moisten'd from mine Eyes.

Damon. Forbid it *Pan*! and yet it must be so,
 My mind presents the boding Omen now,
 Which only could *Palæmon's* Death foreshew.
 You knew the well-grown Captain of my Flock,
 Fairest and best of all my Fleeces Stock;
 High on his branching front he bore the Bell,
 Which to th' inferior Herd did Danger tell,
 When e'er the treach'rous Woolf a Slaughter meant,
 He rung th' Alarm, and baulk't the sly Intent.
 Th' obsequious Flock ne'er from their Leader rov'd,
 Nor tasted Grass, but what he first approv'd.

This valu'd Sheep, a little while ago,
 Sunk and Expir'd before the Wat'ring Trough;
 The cause to me unknown; and as He fell,
 A rev'rend Nod, rung out the fatal Knell;
 With great amaze, th' unwelcome found I hear'd,
 Much griev'd my Loss, but more the Omen fear'd.

Alexis. Shepherd, thy fears were Just, the sad portent
 Is fatally explain'd in this Event;
 For as that Sheep thy wand'ring Flock did lead,
 Just so *Palæmon* did the Shepherds Head.
 When growing Worth reach'd forward to the *Bays*,
 He would with Joy, the bold Pretender raise,
 And be himself the Herald to his Praise.
 Fix'd high in fame, He gladly did dispense
 To blooming Wit, a rip'ning Influence,
 If o'er inform'd, the Muse would soar too high,
 And on advent'rous Pinions fought the Sky;
 To bring her gently down, he knew the Lure,
 And made her fall Delightful and Secure,
 Or should her flames on lazy Wings aspire,
 With active Vigour he'd improve the Fire.
 But while I strive to pay the Debt I owe
 To His commanding Skill, I only Show
 How high it was in Him, in me, how low.
 Yet this I have however, to excuse
 The flowing Error of a Mourning Muse,
 That when this uninspir'd Scroll was writ,
 W'had lost the *Genius of our English Wit.*

T. A.

An

An Essay on the Death of Mr. Dryden.

THe justest Grief that can on Fate attend,
 We owe the loss of Father, and of Friend.
 Mourn ev'ry Muse, let all your Streams be dry,
 But such as Sorrows lavish from the Eye,
 That only can Inspire with Elegy.
 To all Your softer Charms, a long adieu,
 Those Beauties Sacred *Bard*, are lost with you;
 Our Oracles are ceas'd, our Language dies,
 We've scarce Expression left us, but in Sighs.

Fain would I pay the mighty Debt I owe,
 In flowing Words, but Tears will only flow.
 My kindling flame, You kindly fann'd and taught
 T' ascend above, and stop below a Fault.
 By Precept and Example, form'd my Mind,
 And Wisdom's stricter bounds to Wit assignd :
 By others faults, instructed me to choose
 With care, the Graceful, for the guilty blush.
 Shew'd me where weighty Words, where Figures please;
 And where fair Nature shines without a Dress.
 And all the Sterling Wealth my Issue wear's,
 I own the fertile Product of Your Cares.
 But now in vain are all those Labours spent;
 The Muse can only help me to Lament.

Tell me, Ye Widowed *Nine*, for You can tell,
 By all how Lov'd, how Prais'd, how Mourn'd he fell.
 The Genius of our Isle! He brought us home
 The Learned Spoils of *Athens*, and of *Rome*.

And

And in our Native Tongue, by him Refin'd,
 Their richest Oar, is with His Numbers join'd.
 With *Homer's* plenty, His *Didactics* flow;
 Yet *Virgil's* Care, their chaste Expressions show.
 More num'rous Joys not *Horace* could Inspire,
 Nor touch with cleaner hands the charming Lyre.
 When artless Nature He essay'd, the Fair
 Felt *Ovid's* Softness, and *Tibullus's* Air.
 And to suppress the blooming growth of Vice,
 The fire, and force of *Juvenal* was His.
Terence ne'er pleas'd a judging Audience
 With juster Characters, or weightier Sense.
 Nor *Martial* could in Miniature express
 A closer Thought, or better Praise and Please.
 What happy *Genii* furnish'd later Time
 With useful Numbers, were but Types of Him:
 They each excell'd in some one shining Part
 Of Verse, but He in all the Sacred Art.

Ye Pious *Few*, that to the Muse belong,
 Pay at his Tomb the Tribute of your Song:
 And tell the list'ning World, no Age must know
 Another Universal Mind below.
 Tell all the Great and Good, their Glorious Aim,
 And conscious Worth, must now suffice for Fame.
 And tell the brightest Stars in either Sphere,
 No Vertue soar'd above his Flights, but Their:
 Thither th' aspiring *Bard* is Wing'd away,
 Where her bright Fires guild an Eternal day,
 To sing with His, Her still united Rays.
 —But here Expression fails; a thoughtful Breast,
 Too big for Words, can only feel the rest.

An ODE, On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

By a Young L A D Y.

I.

AS when Plebeians at a Monarch's Death,
 (Which should not be Prophan'd by Vulgar Breath)
 With sawcy Grief, bewail the Fate
 Of him they fear'd, almost Ador'd of late,
 Presumptuous in their Tears, thô helpless in their State.
 So I the *Muse's* meanest Subject join
 The Sorrows of the Great, with mine;
 And thô I cannot Tribute pay,
 T' acknowledge Their Imperial Sway,
 With arrogant, yet conscious Grief presume
 To shed a Tear at Their *Vicegerent's* awful Tomb.

II.

Ah! who could think that God-like Man,
 Immortal in our Thoughts, as in His own,
 Should have no greater Favour shown;
 And thô with ev'ry Art and Grace Endow'd,
 Should have a Life but of the usual Span,
 And shrink into a Common Shroud:
 Yet shall not His unequal'd Merit die,
 Nor all the wrongs of Fate, His Lawrels blast,
 Thô *Albion's* Realms should be Destroy'd and Wast,
 And in forgotten Ruins lye,
 Fame's echoing Trump His Glories shall rehearse
 To all the wond'ring Universe, (the Last,
 Till its shrill Voice be swallow'd up in what shall sound

H

III. Sure

III.

Sure, *Poets* are not made of Common Earth;
 Or *He* at least may boast a Nobler Birth:
 He, who in ev'ry *Atom* was Inspir'd
 With flowing Fancy, and with Rapture fir'd;
 Tho' the great Secret's not disclos'd,
 He surely was, like *Thebes*, with artful Tunes Compos'd.
 The Voices of the soft Melodious *Nine*
 In Confort join'd *Apollo's* forming Lyre,
 And Light ineffable infus'd its Fire,
 With Tuneful Measures, Harmony Divine,
 At the glad, Sacred, all-commanding Sound,
 With Animation, passing Vulgar Thought,
 The knowing, willing *Atoms* came,
 And danc'd into the Sacred Frame,
 And bless'd *Idea's* brought,
 Which fill'd His Soul, and Ours with Rapture drown'd.

IV.

It must be so—for nothing else could dart
 Such Beams of Knowledge, and Celestial Art,
 So clear a Judgment, and so bright a Mind;
 Like it's Almighty Maker, ever Young,
 And amid'st Weakness, Strong;
 Tho' Age and Sickness both against it join'd.
 But why did *Phæbus* and the *Nine*
 A Piece so Perfect make?
 If we their Workmanship must now resign,
 And they again the Blessing take?
 Why was Thy Body, most Illustrious Shade,
 Like others made?

Subject

Subject to Casualties and Fate,
 And comon ills, which wait a Mortal State?
 When thy Celestial Mind
 Had nothing of base Human kind,
 But full of Inspiration spread
 It's noble Ardour, and its Cod-like Rage,
 Whose Works shall be with Pleasure read,
 By ev'ry coming Age. (Dead.
 And Fame shall make Thee Live, tho' Fate has made Thee

V.

Apollo once before a Temple blest'd,
 Where all th' Inquisitive might come
 For an Ambiguous Doom;
 And splendid Pomp amaz'd the Curious Guest,
 Yet with less Glory could at *Delphos* shine,
 Where Floors of Marble, Roofs of Gold,
 Did his Orac'lous God-head hold,
 Than in thy living Shrine.
 There He was check'd with a Priest-riding Yoke,
 Nor till the Block-head pleas'd, the God-head spoke.
 But *Phæbus* ha's been always free,
 And spoke without restraint in Thee.
 In Thee with the same Pomp His Rays appear'd,
 As when upon his bright Imperial Seat,
 Where He the shining Scepter rear'd,
 Beyond Expression great.
 But Oh! that Deity is Silent now!
 Silent as is Thy Tomb, which claim's our Tears,
 No more the God within thy Voice appear's
 Nor speak's through Thee what we should know,
 As from thy Lips the Graces flow.

But

As from thy Lips the Graces flow,
 But all the lesser Lights of Wit Expire,
 All glimmering lye,
 And with declining Fire,
 Since He, from whom they took their Light,
 Has wing'd His flight,
 And set's not in the Seas, but in the Sky.

VI.

Farewell to Inspiration now,
 All Sacred extasies of Wit,
 The softer Excellence
 Of melting Words, and moving Sence;
 Ye will no more with tempting sweetness flow,
 But Poetry must now submit
 To the bold, Enthusiastick Rage
 Of a Malicious Age:
 Which stead of Wonders, Monsters must bring forth,
 To stock the Times with want of Worth,
 And break the Poets, as they break the Stage.

VII.

Pythygoras his Doctrin much I doubt,
 Or else if Thy Great Soul should Transmigrated be,
 It might be *Parcell'd* out.
 And stock each Age with *Lawreat's* till Eternity.
 Oh! where is that Harmonious Soul of thine,
 Teaching more Tuneful Numbers to the Sphere?
 Or making Stars with greater Lustre shine,
 Or hov'ring through th' extended space thy long Eternity
 (of Years?)

No—

No——into Sacred Shades Thou'rt gone;
 The Souls of *Poets* needs must thither fly,
 (I'm sure they Lovers live, how e'er they die)
 But Thou so many Laurels here hast won,
 As soon will plant a new *Elysium* of thy own :
 Triumphant sit beneath Thy Verdant Shade
 Of ever blooming Wreaths, which less than those will fade
 Which are below for Laurels made.
 Then *Virgil* the Renown'd, the Great,
 May keep His ancient Regal Seat,
 Which there at thy approach he must resign,
 For well he knows, Wit's Throne is Thine,
 And thou deserv'st the guidance of the Learned State.

VIII.

And lo! with humblest Thanks *He* greet's that Hand,
 Which so successfully ha's taught,
 His long fam'd Works, the Language of our Land,
 With Art in ev'ry Line, and Grace in ev'ry Thought.
 None their intrinsic Value can deny.
 The well-plac'd *Pride* of ancient *Rome*,
 Polish'd by Thee, is now *Our* Boast become.
 Sparkling with all the Glories of true Poetry,
 And take's from all a just and happier Doom.
Orpheus, and all the Tuneful Spirits there,
 With Joys new Dated celebrate thy Fame,
 In an Eternal, soft Celestial Air,
 For all the Honours Thou hast done that slighted, injur'd
 (Name.

And

IX.

And We, who drown'd in Tears, are left behind,
 Are all employ'd about Thee too;
 And tho thy Worth too great a Theme we find,
 At least our Gratitude and Grief we shew.

Our best Encomiums but Prophan Thy Name,
 Unless a *Congreve* would a Piece design,
 Whose Numbers, as they're dear to Fame,
 Can Justice do to Thine.

My well-meant Trophy blushing I must rear,
 Unkind *Melpomene* afford's no aid,
 Tho I so often begg'd and Pray'd,
 My weaker Voice she would not hear.

Amongst the mighty Men She's busi'd now,
 They, They, I find, best Charm *Immortal* Females too.
 Tho she'll not teach what Measures I shall keep,
 Nor in *Heroicks* will my Wonder dress,
 Nor in a softer *Ode* my Grief express,
 'Tis my own fault (being Woman) if I cease to Weep.
 Since this Great Man Fate's rigid Laws obey'd,
 How is Wit's *Empire* lessen'd and decay'd!

It scarce a *Province* now appears;
 Come, then 'tis Politick to join your Tears;
 Forbear not till an Ocean round it flows,
 And it an *Island* grows,
 It may be safe encompass'd with our Sea,
 But never Fortunate, can be
 While Nonsense shall have Friends, and Sence have Foes.

May 7th. 1700.

S. F.

Upon

Upon the Death of Mr. DRYDEN.

By Mr. Digby Cotes, of Magdalen-Hall, Oxon. A Young Gentleman, Sixteen Years Old.

WHEN now at length the Great *Apollo's* Dead,
 And ev'ry Muse with its lov'd Patron's fled,
 What daring *Bard* will venture to set forth
 His mighty Name, and celebrate *His* Worth?
 Whose least Perfections our whole Wonder raise,
 Despise our Envy, and transcend our Praise.
 Himself alone, could *His* vast Beauties shew,
 And all the *Poet* in Perfection draw;
 Could trace each finer Thought, each Heav'nly Line,
 And make himself in *His* full Lustre shine.
 Then had the God-like *Abalom* reveal'd
 A Nobler Plot, than he himself Conceal'd,
 Then might *Achitophel* again be View'd,
 And all his Image in His Son renew'd;
 Factious and turbulent, new Plots he lay's,
 And still the false *Achitophel* betrays:
 Yet such fair Baits the specious Plots Disguise.
 We scarce discern the Well-wrought Artifice.
 But think ev'n *St-----y* True, and *M-----th* Wise.
 Thus when some meaner Thoughts Thy Muse engage,
 And *Mac* or *B-----e* urge thy juster Rage;
 So much their Folly's, in their Writings sink,
 That the vile Scriblers seem at least to *think*.

Methoughts I saw the mighty *Phæbus* fir'd
 With just Revenge, with all His Rage Inspir'd;
 Full of Himself, through Heav'ns vast Space he rode,
 While sparkling Flames confess'd the angry God.
 Neglected *Dryden* all involv'd His Rage,
 And claim'd just Vengeance on a barb'rous Age.
 With Grief he view'd Him struggling with His Fate,
 Opprest with Wants, and *despicably* Great.

With

While all her self *His* drooping Muse betray'd,
 And Nature's rising Efforts, tho' decay'd,
 When these Prophetick Curses eas'd *His* Breast,
 And thus, the lab'ring God his Rage exprest.

Since Charming *Dryden* has so late confest
 Your base returns, and prov'd your barb'rous tast,
 Still may your long successive Dulness reign,
 Still may your Sons the War with Wit maintain ;
 Let C---e still the Ladies Pity raise,
 And Torture one poor Maid a thousand ways, (trays. }
 While pleas'd or Griev'd, she still the *Mourning Bride* be- }
 Let *Ways o'th' World* in three dull years be writ,
 And want of time, excuse his want of Wit.
 May your nice Tasts condemn each Nobler Art,
 While all things pass rewarded, but Desert.
 Again, let Blustering B---y huff the Age,
 With words more dreadful than his Tyrant's Rage;
 He said ; When strait his Messengers he sent,
 And to himself recall'd the Treasure he had lent.
 Th' afflicted *Bard* receiv'd the glad Command,
 And urg'd himself his Haft, and left th' ungrateful Land.
 Thus, after many long revolving Years,
 When the last Series of her Life appears,
 The Noble *Phoenix* hast's Her sluggish Date
 With lighted Torch, and urge's on her Fate.
 Her mighty self involve's her numerous Fame,
 While on her Death depend's her future Name, }
 Her self, her self survive's, and sparkle's from the Flame. }
 This well-known Truth, let long Experience prove,
 We hate what's Present, but what's absent, love ;
 Still rival'd Malice haunts our envy'd breath,
 And *Poets* only Triumph after Death:

On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

Farewell, Oh more than *Greece* or *Rome* cold boast,
 More Worth than all those two fam'd Empires lost.
 Great Poet, whose Unimitable Arts,
 A Thousand ways engag'd the Readers Hearts;
 Thy Verse so Tuneful, so sublime thy Song,
 Thy Turns so delicate, thy Periods strong.
 Whose solid Judgment held the guided Reins,
 Whilst Fancy soar'd beyond *Mæonian* Strains.
Apollo Crown'd Thee with Triumphant Bays,
 The Muses tun'd their Voices to thy Lays,
 And all the Learned World gave Thee unenvy'd Praise.
 Since *Lyrick* Songs have rais'd a Lasting Name,
 Since one Admired Poem could Proclaim,
 As well the Poets, as the *Heroe's* Fame,
 Since moving Strains of Tender Love have made,
 Ner'e-dying Laurels flourish round a Head.
 And Pointed Satyrs Force alone prefer'd,
 To Endless Ages the Censorious Bard,
 How, Oh Transcendent *Dryden*, can we raise,
 To thy unequal'd Numbers equal Praise?
 When all their Talents made not up thy One,
 Which Nobler grew, as they became thy own,
 Like Fruits Transplanted to a Warmer Sun.
 Thy Mem'ry ever Sacred will survive,
 Thy matchless Works that common Bounty give,
 And you in them, like other Poets, live.
 But as you flourish'd *Albion's* Pride and Grace,
 And she in you did all the World surpass,
 Sure she'll contrive some Monument unknown,
 To show her Gratitude, and thy Renown,
 And out do All, as Thou hast All outdone.

C. H--son.

To the Memory of John Dryden, Esq;

*Hunc quoque summa dies, nigro summerfit Averno,
Effugint Avidos Carmina sola rogos. Ovid. in mortem Tibulli.*

Cœlestial Muse, whose God-head could inspire,
The Bards of Old, with Rays of Genial Fire.
And Teach 'em with Harmonious Tunes to raise,
Immortal Structures, to their *Hero's* praise;
By whom ev'n late Posterity might know,
How much the greatest Men to Poets owe.
You that our *Orpheus*, could such numbers Teach,
And Learn'd the Mantuan Swan what Notes to reach.
When he of burning *Ilium's* Turrets Sung,
And told poor *Dido's* Love, and *Dido's* wrong.
You that this Island with a *Cowley* blest,
And chose Immortal *Dryden* from the rest.
To rule the Muses Land with powerful Sway,
And make the *British* Tongue his Art obey,
That we with wonder might his Works peruse,
And find a Rival for great *Homer's* Muse.

If yet remains one Spark of Living Fire,
That did not with your *Dryden's* Life Expire.
Let me a while with Zealous sorrow tell,
How much he thought, and Writ, and yet how well,
How long he Envy'd Liv'd, yet how Lamented fell!
But Oh how fond it is to wish? how vain!
To hope for that, which we can ne're obtain?
None but a *Dryden*, should of *Dryden* Write,
And he (alafs!) is set in endless Night.
At rest he lies within the silent Grave,
Not its own Verse could it's own Master Save.
Death knew not Harmony, nor felt the Charms
Of Verse, but close within it's Icy Arms.
It Clasp'd the Bard, whilst to its Natives Skies,
His Rising Soul enlarg'd from Bondage flies.

Where

Where now his Numbers most Serenely flow,
On Nobler Subjects, than he chose below.

Farewell, Thou great Departed Shade Farewell,
No Humane Tongue, our Grief or Loss can tell.
Thy Muse no more with her enchanting lays,
To Extasy, our Wondring Souls can raise.
No more our Breasts with gentle raptures move,
Describing the immortal Joys of Love.
As the bleak Winter stops the Warbling Breath
Of *Philomel*, so Thine is stopt by Death;
But with this Difference, the returning Spring,
Renews her Voice, and she again will Sing.
Again run all her Mournful Musick ore,
But thou (alas!) must Write, must Sing no more.

'Tis true thou long hadst left th' ungrateful Stage,
Where only *Congreve* now can please this Age.
Congreve the Darling of the Sacred Nine!
Whose Charming Numbers only yield to Thine.
Yet still new Worlds of Wit, Thy Cares Explor'd,
We Read with Wonder what we still ador'd,
In *English* Dress we View great *Maro's* Song,
Nor has Thy Version done its Author wrong;
So justly wrought, so lofty, smooth, and fine.
That when the *Latin* we compare with Thine,
Which Merits most our praise its hard to tell;
He Wrote, and thou Translatedst him, so well.
Nay hadst thou liv'd, thy Muse had brought from *Greece*,
A Nobler Treasure, than the *Golden Fleece*.
Achilles then, upon the *Brittish* plain,
Had fought and mourn'd his Dear *Patroclus* Slain.
Then Chast *Penelope* had wept to prove,
An absent Husband had her present Love.
And we all Wondring at her Arts had stood.
To see her by such *Grecian* Nobles Woo'd.
Yet still refuse them, with an Air Divine;
Though Courted in such Magick Verse as Thine.
But thus it will not be--- The Muse is fled,
And there amongst the mighty Rivals, dead.

Methinks I see the Reverend Shades prepare
 With Songs of Joy, to waft thee through the Air.
 And lead Thee o're the bright *Ætherial* Fields,
 To tast the Bliss which their *Elizium* yields.
 Where *Chaucer*, *Johnson*, *Shakespear*, and the rest,
 Kindly embrace their venerable Guest,
 Then in a Chorus sing an Ode of Praise,
 And Crown thy Temples with Eternal Bays.
 Whilst we in pensive Sables clad below
 Bear hence in solemn Grief, and pompous Woe,
 Thy sacred Dust to *Chaucer's* peaceful Urn,
 And round thy awful Tomb profusely mourn.
 Here take thy rest, enjoy thy sweet repose,
 Death has secur'd thy Mem'ry from thy Foes;
 And though my Verse must perish as its born,
 If thy great Name protect it not from scorn.
 Thine, thine shall live when Time shall have no Name,
 Eternal in its Beauties, and its Fame.

On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

Farewel thou Chiefest of the Sons of Fame!
 Ev'n I, who formerly presum'd to blame,
 Now change my Stile, and Celebrate thy Name
 Not that I writ with Prejudice, or Spite,
 But might too warmly vindicate the Right---
 But dy thy Faults and Mine---- and with 'em dy
 All vain, Religious Animosity
 The *Seamless Coat*, by our Divisions torn,
 Is by the py-ball'd *Sects* in Patches worn;
 Each has its Rent (and they no more require)
 Which we, agreeing, shou'd preserve intire.

The way thus clear'd: Lo! Noble Ghost, I come,
 One of thy num'rous Train, to sing Thee home;
 The Triumphs of thy Numbers to proclaim,
 And join my Voice with theirs, whose Voice is Fame.

Scarce did Thy *Phœbus* soar a loftier pitch,
 Than what thy own Aspiring Notes cou'd reach :
 They did not strain to rise, or faintly fly,
 But with a *Seraph's* Pinion wingd the Sky :
 While list'ning Angels did thy Layes admire,
 And with Thee there in the Celestial Quire,
 Thy Human with their Heav'nly Songs to join,
 To make the Concert perfectly Divine.

But tho' to Honour Thee we all agree,
 What can we add to thy Repute, or *Thee* ?
 Short-liv'd and vain is all th' Applause we give ;
 Our Lines must dye, and only Yours will live.

When *Homer* (who is, now Thy nearest Mate)
 Was call'd from Earth to his Immortal State,
 That Life and Glory with the Gods to share,
 Which has been since so Celebrated here ;
 The Youth of *Greece*, no doubt, as One, did join,
 All grateful to his Fame, as we to Thine :
 It ev'ry Breatt did warm to an Extreme,
 To be the first on such a glorious Theme :
 Yet not a Line, and not a Name we see,
 His vastly louder Fame has Theirs engrost,
 As Human Voices are in Thunder lost :
 The Greater Blaze of Light the Less o'er-pow'rs ;
 And so Thy *Verse* will once Extinguish *Ours*.

He 'twas that did the *Grecian* Language rear,
 To all the Strength and Loftiness 'twou'd bear.
 The *Latin*, *Virgil* seated in the Skies,
 And beyond which it cou'd no higher rise.
 And you, the Third, have fixt the *British* Tongue,
 To run as Copious, and to last as long :
 Made by thy Purity of Phrase and Sense,
 Not capable of further Excellence.
 So God his Bounds to the wide Ocean laid,
 And told it--- *Hither come--- And here be staid.*

This Fate, besides, peculiarly You bear,
 In which no Writer ever yet cou'd share :
 You saw, your Self, your Empire fixt in Peace,
 And grown so large as not t'admit increase.
 Where e're their Verse prevail'd, You liv'd to know
 Your own receiv'd alike Triumphant too ;
 Diffusing Wit, and giving Wings to Fame,
 There were the *Roman* Eagles never came.

To grieve were vain---- We cannot call Thee lost,
 While *Britain* stands Thou shalt be *Britain's* boast :
 Tho' thy Immortal Mind's retir'd, we find
 A no less Everlasting Part behind.
 Your Works and You, by a stupendous Doom,
 Like *Janus*, may to Deity presume ;
 Thou there see'st all that's Past, and They'l see all to Come.

'Twas then we sigh'd, when *Otway* from us torn,
 Made all the Loves and all the Graces mourn :
 Ev'n yet the Stage her Darling's Loss complain,
 Charming his Face, and charming were his Strains !
 'Twas then we sigh'd when fatal Frenzy seiz'd
 Thy Faithful *Lee*---- who never writ but pleas'd :
 Tho' cooler Pens his Youthful Ardor blame,
 Without his Fire, they'l never reach his Fame.
 'Twas then we sigh'd when *Oldham* fell a prey,
 Cropt by a sudden Blite, before his Day :
 His Loss we all did with Impatience bear,
 And every Muse bemoan'd Him with a Tear.
 So they again wou'd Sigh, shou'd *Congreve* be,
 An Early Instance of Mortalitie ;
 And the Expecting World (so seldom kind)
 Lose all the Wonders that are yet behind,
 In the unbounded Treasures of the Mind.
 So wou'd they Mourn shou'd *Southerne* leave the Stage,
 So just to Comick Wit, and Tragick Rage :
Southerne, who, singing *Oromoko's* Flame,
 Has made his own a like Immortal Name.-----
 But Thee 'twere almost Impious to deplore ;
 We had Thee all—— and Fate cou'd give no more :

With

With Peace, Applause, with Years and Lawrels Crown'd,
And Life, nor Fame cou'd make Thee more Renown'd.

Robert Gould.

On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

DR Y D E N, and Dead! what Eccho did I hear,
That Groan'd such dismal Accents in my Ear?
Eccho, 'tis false, for *Dryden* cannot dye;
He'll Live Immortal as his Poetry.
Dryden! the Glory of the *English* Stage,
Sprightly in Youth, and Vigorous in Age.
So Charmingly the matchless *Dryden* Writ,
Engrossing the *Monopoly* of Wit.
So choice each Word, so well compact each Line;
Each feature Graceful, and each thought Divine,
Show'd him the Fav'rite of the sacred Nine.
In *Dryden's* ever-living Works are shown,
The Antient Poets all Comprized in one;
His Predecessours by far different ways,
Court'd applause, and sought the Verdant Bays;
One reach'd the Clouds in lofty *Mantuan* Verse,
Another keen *Jambick* would rehearse:
This *Bard* apply'd himself to Tragedy,
That had a taking Vein in Comedy.
Till *Phæbus* knowing all Poetick Wit
To be defective, and imperfect yet.
Sent down his Darling *Dryden* to relieve,
The fainting Art. and make it ever live;
Who by the God inspir'd divinely Writ,
And made the never-fading Art Compleat.
He found the Ore, and did refine it too,
And having done what never Man could do,
Assum'd a Swan-like form and o're the Clouds he flew.
What if He did forsake the Mourning Land,
And Mount the Skies by a Divine Command?
There to compleat the Sacred Choir above,
And Sing his Glorious Songs of Joy and Love.

Yet *Dryden's* shall stand secur'd of praise,
 And reach Fame's *Empyrem* in his Lays.
 City's may perish, Rocks may be defac'd,
 But his Renown shall never be debas'd.
 His Deathless Verses, shall Immortal be ;
 Immortal as the Glorious God of Poetry.

J. Elyb.

One of the Senior Scholars in Merchant
Taylor's School, Aged 15.

Upon the Death of John Dryden, Esq;
 A PINDARIQUE.

I.

THE Glorious Age had scarce begun,
 In happy rounds of Peace to run ;
 When Thou our Joy and Light
 Forsook the VWorld, and left us wrapt in Night.
 VVith Sorrow we receiv'd
 The dismal News, but scarce believ'd ;
 VVe thought so great a Man as Thee,
 Not subject to Mortality ;
 Such wondrous Verses did thy Heav'n-born Muse,
 Such warbling Airs, such Harmony diffuse,
 That when thy charming Lines we read,
 It is preposterous to think Thee dead.
 But yet (as all things end, that er'e begun)
 Thy Muse is Silent now, thy Life is done,
 And Thou art o're the fatal River gone,
 To Death's inhospitable Shore ;
 VVhere all thy Rivals went before,
 And Thou and Harmony are ours no more.

Was

II.

VVas Nature weary of her Load,
 And could no longer stay?
 Or did some kind, some Guardian God,
 Translate thy Soul from her Abode,
 And waft Thee to the Realms of Light and Day?
 VVhich way soever 'twas,
 VVe must sustain the Loss:
 A Loss f' irreparably great,
 Not all the coming Ages can repair:
 Though we should storm *Jove's* awful Seat
 VVith the Artillery of Prayer.
 The kneeling VVorld might beg in vain,
 To hear the Musick of thy Voice again.
 So much thy Skill the Angels prize,
 They'le ever keep Thee in the Skies;
 To make the Anthems which they Sing
 In praise of Nature's God, and Heaven's Eternal King. *G*

III.

Could I like Thee in lofty Numbers sing,
 Of Thee, the darling Son of Fame,
 Of Thee I'd make the Hills and Vallies ring.
 And wanton Eccho sport with *Dryden's* Name.
Dryden, Dryden, all around
 Should the vocal Groves resound.
 And Winds be hush'd and still, to catch the carming Sound.
 Whilst neighbouring Streams that steal along
 In winding Currents o're the flow'ry Plains,
 Should stop their Waves, and list'ning to my Song,
 Rise up in silver Heaps to hear my happy Strains.
 But hearing me bewail thy Death,
 (Tho' in soft harmonious breath)
 They'd sadly sink away,
 And flowing backwards to their Urn,
 Through some dark subterraneous Cell,
 Where Silence, Night, and Chaos dwell:
 Remote from hated Light for ever stray,
 And there thy Loss in hollow Murmurs mourn.

IV.

Oh Father of our English Tongue!
 To Thee our Praises all belong:
 To Thee we should a Temple build,
 (A lasting Monument of Fame)
 That future Ages may just Homage yield,
 And pay a grateful Tribute to thy Name.
 Thou hast so much our Words refin'd,
 So happily increas'd the Store;
 That in thy Verse such Charms we find,
 As were unknown to all our Bards before.
 Thy artful Numbers, and enchanting Airs,
 (As *Orpheus*, when he touch'd the trembling Strings)
 Delude our Grievs, and cheat us of our Cares,
 When thy belov'd *Thalia* sings
 Of dying Lovers, or victorious Kings;
 Or when with Tragick rage,
 Fond *Anthony* adorns the Stage;
 Where for his Love, he gives the World away,
 So much he does our pity raise;
 We pay Thee Tears instead of Praise,
 And feel at once unusual Grief and Joy.
 Ah! then, how well may we at Death repine;
 That still'd so soft, so sweet a Voice as thine?
 How great a Cause have we,
 To mourn the Loss of POETRY, and Thee?

V.

But how should we express our Grief,
 How our deep Cares relate?
 How paint our Sorrows to the Life,
 While we lament his Fate?
 Folded Arms, and weeping Eyes,
 Flowing Tears, and rising Sighs,
 Are Actions all too low,
 To furnish out so sad a Scene of Woe.
 Like *Philomel* we should Complain,
 And mourn great *Dryden's* Death, in *Dryden's* Strain:
 Or like the dying Swan, with tuneful Breath,
 Bewail his Loss, and sing our selves to Death.

But whither, whither wouldst Thou fly
 My feeble Muse? The Quarry's much too high.
 To some great Genius leave his praise,
 Which may survive to After-days:
 Let *Congreve* then in Deathless Song,
 His Father's Loss deplore;
Congreve must his Fame prolong,
 In such soft rural Strains, as once he Sung before.
 Whilst generous *Montague*, both Great and Just,
 In some rich Urn preserves his Sacred Dust,
 And o'er his Grave a *Mausolæum* rears,
 To be the Envy'd Wonder of succeeding Years.

John Froud.

*An ELEGY on the much Lamented Death of John
 Dryden, Esq; the famous English Poet.*

*Tu Decus omne, tuis, Postquam te fata tulerunt,
 Ipsa Pales Agros, Atq; ipse relinquit Apollo, Virg.*

THE careful Business of the day was done,
 And gloomy Darkness reign'd where *Phæbus* shone,
 When, with the Sun a Swain retir'd to rest,
 T' allay the Troubles of his anxious Breast,
 Scarce on the Couch his weary Limbs were spread,
 And on the Down reclin'd his pensive head,
 But the sad startling Tydings reach'd his Ear,
 Too doleful to be false, too true to hear.

Long with himself the matchless Man he mourn'd—
 And slumbring to th' unwelcome Task return'd—
 He Curs'd the day that row'd the Message on,
 And the shrill Tongue that made the Message known;
 Then murmur'd at the changing Scenes below,
 Whilst from his Eyes salt Streams disclos'd his Woe.
 Sleep fled his Eyes, and anxious Thoughts possess'd
 The restless Region of his throbbing breast.

At

At last his Passion half becalm'd and dead,
 In broken Words, and mournful Sighs, he said,
 Happy the glorious Days when thou didst sit,
 Unrivall'd in the sacred Throne of Wit,
 When of *Parnassian* Sons a numerous Throng
 Stood listning at their charming *Phæbus's* Song;
 Like *Jove* sublime and great, like *Venus* soft and young.
 How sweetly would fair *Allion's* Cliffs rebound!
 And loth to lose the Voice, dilate the sound
 From Vale to Vale, and all the Forrest round;
 No rugged Notes from his blest Lips cou'd fall;
Phæbus inspir'd, as *Phæbus* chose them all;
 Lofty his Verse, as the blest Seats above,
 Yet calm as are the Reams of blissful of Love,
 Serene and smooth, as Ev'ning Rivers rowl,
 As Nectar sparkling in th' immorta' bowl;
 And Heav'nly magick Work's in ev'ry Line,
 And through the whole surprizing Fancies shine.
 (Oh were He deathless as his VVorks Divine !)

As *Jove* his Forme so He could change his Muse,
 And now the *Heroe*, now the *Drama*, Chuse,
 His *Heroe* lofty as the Eagle flies,
 And like the Eagle comes from upper Skies.
 See? See! where most his happy Genius shines,
 Behold the Beauteous Verse and Deathless Lines!
 How Sweetly does he Tune Great *Maro's* Lyre,
 And fills but never Satisfies desire!
 So Heavenly Joys, with Raptures please the Mind,
 And always leave a present Thirst behind.
 The Silvan Songs, how pleasant and how Sweet,
 Where *Maro's* Thoughts, and *DRIDEN's* Numbers meet:
 His Thoughts how bold, his Words how dazling bright,
 When Arms and War provoke a Nobler flight!
 How Manly he the *Grecian* Muse bestrides,
 And through the Air on strongest Pinions rides,
 Oh, that He'd liv'd the finish'd VVork to view!
 But now 'tis left, harmonious *Garth*, for you;
 So *Canaan's* happy Plains were seen from far,
 But ne'er receiv'd the Sacred Traveller.

So younger *Jeshua* past the Adverse Sand,
And brought lost *Israel* to the blissful Land.

His *Drama*'s just, and great, and as it ought,
Without, or Want, or over-plus of Thought,
Not like the Infant Muse in frothy Fir,
That lavishes away its sterling Wit;
And when both Flame and Heat the Subject wants,
Has drain'd the Fountain's head in needless Rants;
That, balks the longing Reader's strong desire,
And this Offends him with excess of Fire;
But 'twixt the two, his Vessel safe appears,
And in the Golden Medium wisely steers;
If once his stabbing Pen the Poet drew,
He spar'd the Wits, but all the Blockheads slew;
So the far-shooting God is God of Sounds,
And with a Nodd the wandring Rabble wounds.
'Twas he that made old crabbed *Juvenal* plain,
And brought dark *Perseus* to the Light again;
So *Phæbus* banishes the gloomy Night
From our black Coasts, on Wings of Morning Light.
But who can all th' Immortal Beauties tell,
That from his Heav'nly Muse divinely fell?
'Twou'd ask a Tongue Divine, as was his own
To make his Worth, his Value truly known;
Such was the Man, (the Man because retir'd)
His Death by All deplor'd as was his Life desir'd;
Unhappy Land! thy radiant Glory's gone,
As Ev'ning Rays sink with the Setting-Sun;
The Ghastly Truth is heard, and flies, and spreads,
And as it flies infectious Sorrow sheds;
All *Albion*'s Sons with Sorrow delug'd round,
Full of the News, lye prostrate on the Ground,
And clad with Weeds, and melancholy vails,
Each mourning Swain the God-like Bard bewails:
His Mind was grown too pure, and Heav'nly bright,
And must the Carcass leave, and take to Heav'n its flight.
More he had spoke, but *Phæbus* rais'd his head
From off his watry Couch, and thus he said,
Long have I mourn'd my Son's unhappy Fate,
But now am Summon'd on my Carr to wait;

*Cease then to Weep till I have gain'd the Sky,
 Least Grief shou'd to the World my Beams deny;
 In Garth, or Congreve, shall his Genius shine,
 Then cease thy Tears, nor at harsh Fate repine:
 He said; the Promise cheer'd his drooping Breast;
 And Light, the present Deity confest.*

R--- Key.

On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

I S DRYDEN Dead? In whining Canto's Mourn,
 And Tears profusely shed upon his Urn,
 Ye servile Scriblers, who were late his Scorn,
 Whilst I rejoyce, so great a Man was Born.
 Nor in the folly of an empty Mind,
 Rail at his Stars, or call the Fates unkind.
 Cause he devested of Mortallity,
 Has past Deaths narrow Ports t' Eternity.
 To grieve at's Death, were impiously to Mourn
 At's Life, and murmur that he e're was Born.
 Since Death is Life's Condition, and to Dye,
 As Nat'ral is as to be Born: Then why
 With Clam'rous Plants should I perplex the Skies,
 Disturb the Air with Groans, the Winds with Sighs,
 Or foully fall upon the Destinies?
 The Gods that gave Him, might have kept him still,
 His Being was appendent on their Will.
 'Twas in their Power alone, to make him be,
 Or to have kept him in *Nonentity*.
 And not t' have been's the same as not to be,
 One Power at Once, did Life and Death Decree,
 And that he is not; where's the Injury?
 Forth' Blessings of his Life, I thank the Gods,
 Nor envy's Bliss, in their Divine abodes,
 'Tis true, he, whilst on Earth, most sweetly Sung,
 Soft melting Musick dwelt upon his Tongue,
 And the Indulgent Gods, they lent him long,
 His Life our Blessing was, his Death no wrong.

Tho'

Tho' gone, yet he has left in part behind,
 The blest Ideas of his God-like Mind,
 A Portion of his Soul to Human kind.
Dryden alone can spake, alone can shew,
 What we to his Informing Genius owe.
 Read but his Learned Works, and there you'll find,
 The Native Lustre of his Noble Mind.
 Judgment amidst his Works, and Fancy shine
 In every Page, and sparkle in each Line.
 His Numbers easy, soft and flowing are,
 His Arguments, than Virgin Streams more clear;
 Through whose Transparent *Christsalls* you may Spye,
 The Radiant Genis, which at the bottom lye,
 His Words adorn his Wit, his Wit his Words,
 And each to'th other matchless Grave affords.
 His Characters are all so finely Drawn,
 That Nature seems by him to be out-done.
 The Prince and Hero, in his Works you'll see,
 Drawn to the full, not in Epitome.
 That mighty Minds, no Fate can ever bow,
 Great *Montezuma's* Sufferings will Shew.
 Where Majesty through thickest Clouds does shine,
 With Rays most bright, and Lustre most Divine.
 There *Cortez*, when a Captive you may see
 Great and Triumphant, as when *Vitto's* free.
 I'th' person of Young *Guyomar* is shewn,
 A Gen'rous Lover, and a Pious Son.
 His various Ways could various Charms impart,
 His Fancy flow'd, but govern'd was by Art,
 His Numbers beautiful, and his Beauties strong,
 His Periods just, and fitted to his Song.
 But now the Glory of our Isle is gone,
 No Nation e're could boast so great a Son.
 The Muses all his Death deplore; (yet so,
 As *Widows* their *Deceased Husbands* do)
 Not wildly without hope, for this they know
 The Gods, that gave them One, can give them Two.
 Thus whilst for *Dryden's* Death they're prest with Grief,
 I'th' thoughts of *Garth* they feel a kind relief.
 Even so, let *Albion* mourn his Loss, and so
 To all the World her decent Sorrow shew:

But let no Man be vainly obstinate,
 Or too profuse in Grief, since the same Fate
 That gave us *Him*, can give us one as *Great*.
 A troubled Thought sometimes will force a Sigh,
 Sometimes a generous Tear will wet the Eye,
 Nature claims these, and these we can't deny,
 And may with Justice pay his Memory.
 But who, with studied Arts their Grievs improve,
 Shew more of Ostentation than of Love.

}

J. T.

*Occasion'd by the Sight of Mr. Dryden's Picture at
 Sir Godfry Knellers, Drawn with the Bays in
 his Hand.*

NAy, sure 'tis he ! the living Colours move,
 And strike our Souls with Wonder and with Love,
 Has his soft Lyre dissolv'd Deaths fatal Chain,
 And given our *Orphæus* to the World again ?
 Such is thy Art, Great *Kneller*, as relieves
 His mourning Friends, and into Joy deceives.
 They who beneath the heaviest Sorrow bend ;
 Who grieve not for the Poet, but the Friend :
 When they behold this Piece, their Tears restrain,
 And doubt a while, if they lament in vain.
 So those whom Fate destroys, thy Hand can save ;
 And lengthen out a Life beyond the Grave.
 Oh ! do thou place on *Dryden's* Learned Brow,
 The Sacred Bays, for none dare envy now.
 Thus He to future Ages shall be shown ;
 Immortal in thy Works, as in his Own.

B. Buckeridge.

To

On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

GREAT *Dryden's* Dead, and what bold daring Muse,
 Shall her last Office to his Grave refuse?
 In Tuneless Sounds, and inharmonious Words,
 (Such as my Infant Muse affords)
 Fain, very fain, wou'd I have told my dismal Tale,
 Backward I thought my Verse to Trail.
 'Till Wak'd by awful *Dryden's* Name,
 I quit the Lethargy of Grief, and Write in Rhyme.
 Why is there such partiality in fate,
 T' allot deserving Men so small a Date ?
 While Fools and Coxcombs longer Live,
 And as they grow in Folly so they Thrive.
 Oh! had his Life been lasting as his Fame,
 Ten Thousand Ages yet to come had seen,
 His sacred shrine.
 And Worship'd him, as now they Reverence his Name.
 But the Malitious hand of Envious Death,
 Has stop'd the Tuneful Poet's Breath:
 Nor can *Apollo's* self the loss retrieve,
 With Grief his Med'cines, and his Youth he sees,
 And hates their useless Properties.
 Since neither those cou'd the dead Bard revive,
 Nor these add Ages to him yet alive.
 All Powerful Poet, cou'd I sing like thee :
 I'd smile at vain *Amphion's* empty Name,
 Mine, only mine shou'd stretch the Checks of Fame :
 While I wou'd raise a costlier *Thebes* than he,
 Rebuild Thee from the Grave, and give Thee Immortality.
 But Oh! my creeping Numbers cannot flow.
 Spite of thy Name, they're stop'd by rising woe ;
 Yet take this humble tribute of my Verse,
 For what I want in Praise, my Tears shall pay Thy Herse.

Anonymous.

*On the Great Preparations made for the Funeral of
John Dryden, Esq;*

TO Living Wits, all Nations else are kind,
And make their Fortunes equal to their Mind.
As they arise in slighted Merits cause,
And raise the drooping Laurels with Applause;
So the fam'd Town that o'er rough *Adria* rides
And Laughs at the weak insults of it's Tides.
Return'd a Youthful Author's Tuneful Lays,
And gave the *Bard* a Pension for his Praise.
His Country's Fame, in recompence He Sung,
And *Venice* is immortal from his Tongue.

But wiser we, who all such Precepts scorn,
And act without the Prospect of return,
That *Starve* the *Poet*, and *Carefs* His *Urn*.
To a *Dead* Author wonderfully kind,
But rank the Living with the *Lame* and *Blind*;
Like *David* (while His *Infant* liv'd) we Weep,
Sack Cloth put on, and solemn Fasts we keep.
But when the Joyful News arrives, *He's Dead*,
We Feast the Body, and adorn the Head.
With Songs and Dances, follow to the Grave,
Whom just before we Branded for a Slave.

So *Rome* the great *Ventidius* once decry'd,
The *Living* Object of Her hate and Pride.
But Fate no sooner o'er His *Breath* prevail'd,
When *ROMANS* *Buried* Him, at whom They rail'd.
Owning the Deathless Fame His Arms Atcheiv'd,
VWhich ne're had been *Acknowledg'd*, had He Liv'd.

P. C.

Upon

Upon the Hearing of the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

DEATH, thou hast struck, but 'tis in vain to try,
 To Render Mortal, Immortality.
 'Tis true, Thy Dart, this fatal harm has done,
 The Fabrick built of Flesh and Blood is gone.
 The Man appears no more unto our Sight,
 We yield him gone into eternal Night.
 But his Great Genius Lives, and ever will,
 Till thou hast left not one Dart more to Kill.
 Wit's mighty'st Hero, thus o'recomes thy spight,
 Ages to come, shall read him with Delight.

N. Collins.

To Dr. Samuel Garth, occasioned by the much Lamented Death of John Dryden, Esq;

THOUGH Pens like *Your's*, and Tongues alone should dare,
 To make Departed worth the Muse's Care,
 And in Defence of injur'd Virtue rite,
 And bear Consummate Learning to the Skies:
 Yet, since *our* Loss is greatest, *We* may plead,
 A right to Mourn what you can never need,
 As *Children* we Lament a *Parents* fall,
 And for His Precepts, and his Counsels call:
 As *Brethren* such as *You* bewail His Fate,
 Bequeath'd for *Guardians* of our *Infant* State.
 To parcel out the *Bounties* of the *Dead*,
 And *Comment* on the *Lectures* He has *Read*.

Permit us then, our Dutious Zeal to prove,
 And make a Tender of our Tears and Love,
 As we with Sighs unfeign'd the Task pursue,
 And Weep him *Dead*, who still must Live in *You*.

And

And who shall make us known, and stamp Esteem,
 On what we Write, since He's the Writer's Theme,
 Though 'midst our Verse no Fav'rite *Congreve* shines,
 Nor *Urwin* sends Auxilliary Lines.
 Though Title Page no swelling *Kitcat* Grace,
 And *Playford's* Name, takes *Jacob Tsonson's* place.

And since *Britannia's* Noblest Sons have paid,
 Their Sorrows to this *Venerable* Shade
 And with *Solemnity* of Grief have shown,
 They durst ev'n *abdicated* Merit own.
 Though Murm'ring Friends to Malice ever just,
 Revil'd the Triumphs of His Honour'd Dust.
 As through the Streets, the Moving Spoils of Fate,
 Mix'd *Pomp* with Sorrow, and *despair* with State.

Since the Dead Bard His Living Honours owes,
 Next to His *Verse*, to *Tour* immortal *Prose*.
 And in *Wit's* Throne by *Wit's* assistance Reigns,
 And shine's a *Virgil* in a *Tully's* strains :
 Since Gen'rous *Montague* a Tomb designs,
 For Him He *Stab'd*, when *Living* with His Lines,
 And unconfin'd in Bountious Actions show's,
 How He can keep his *Friends*, and gain His Foes,
 As He, by coming Ages to be read,
Preserves the Living, and *Protects* the Dead :
Ifis, and *Cham*, and *Thame* would be ingrate,
 If unconcern'd at such a *Moving* Fate.
 Which gives Employment to the Noblest Tears,
 And speak's a Gen'ral loss in Gen'ral Fears.

And, lo ! in one United stream they flow,
 Joyning to form a Sea of Blackest Woe !
Cham bred him up, and fitted Him for Fame,
 Her self immortal in His Deathless Name,
 And *Thame* receiv'd and fann'd the growing Flame.
 Array'd His Browns with Laurel'd Wreaths, which spread,
 Diffusive Beams of Sence around his Head ;
 And *Brittish* Bards with one consenting Voice,
 Admir'd Their *Monarch*, and his *Master's* choice.

But

But, how He from His Throne Imperial fell,
 Wisdom forbids the Trembling Muse to tell.
 Superior Powers thought his Removal fit,
 And all Superior Powers can Judge of Wit.

But *His*, to her Sorrow cannot claim,
 The least Alliance to so great a Name.
 Nor has she Taught, His Infant Genius Lays,
 Nor Crown'd His Temples with Eternal Bays,
 Yet has She been the subject of His Praise.
 And He must be the Theme, which must infuse
 Brightness, and strength, and Fancy to Her Muse.
 As, in return to Her Exalted Fame,
 She Sings, and Dwells upon it's Author's Name.
 And made immortal in His Works, has shown,
 She can from *Him* immortalize Her own.

Three Languages His Various Skill confess,
 And own to Him their Decency of Dress:
 Each made indebted to His Artful Song,
 The *Greek*, the *Latin*, and the *Brittish* Tongue.
 And only Three Lament His mournful Fall,
 Whose dying Glories should be wept in All.
 The first with Clouds of *English* Rhimes o're spread,
 Shew'd *Homer's* fury Spiritless and Dead.
 VVhile through the Gath'ring Fogs no Beams could Dart,
 To make the Reader see the VVriter's Art.
 VVhen He call'd forth His Numbers, in Defence
 Of slaughter'd Fancy, and of martyr'd Sence,
 Telling the Secrets of his Author's mind,
 And *Homer's* Readers are no longer blind,
 But lost in Light we grasp the shining Prize,
 Though *dark* before as were its Author's *Eyes*.
 Oh! had those Powers that took him hence bestow'd
 A longer Time on Earth for His abode;
 That the *whole Bard* might have adorn'd our Clime,
 Rescu'd in ev'ry *part* from Fate and Time.
 But I, in vain, a fruitless wish pursue,
 We have no Hope unless that Hope's in *You*:
 Or Yours most lengthen His contracted Strains,
 Or all the Bard can never quit his Chains.

The Second (and what Muse can speak the Wrong,
 Done to the Beauties of the *Latian* Song)
 Perverted by base Hands, had lost its Charms,
 And *Brittish* Words had conquer'd *Roman* Arms.
 The *Goths* and *Vandals* seem'd again to Reign,
 And strike a Terror through th' *Italian* Plain,
 As we no more could find in either's Page,
 An *Orid's* softness, or a *Virgil's* Rage :
 Till He, *Rome's* other Pow'rful Genius, rose,
 And Triumph'd o'er the conquests of Her Foes.
 Giving the first His Nativene's of Thought,
 And to the last His Fire without a Fault.

But if the *Greek*, and if the *Latin* share
 The Bounties of his Favours, and his Care,
 If *Foreign* Tongues have His assistance known,
 What Thanks are owing to Him from his own ?
Brittain must rise (or *Brittain* is unjust,
 And as she wrong'd Him Living, wrong's His Dust)
 To Vindicate His long Experienc'd Aid,
 And own a Debt which she but *Oddly* paid ;
 When from His Brows, the spreading Bays were torn,
 And for His *Labours*, she return'd her *Scorn*.
 Rugged, and rough, the Bard her Language found,
 Without a *Meaning*, or a proper *sound*.
 As *Saxon* *Syllabs* Choak'd the *Roads* of Sence,
 And *Foreign* Words were all Her Tongues *Defence*.
 But *Dryden's* Diligence, and *Dryden's* Thought,
 Chas'd back the Troops, which false *Invaders* brought.
 New stamp'd the Language with another Face,
 And gave it *Majesty* as well as *Grace*.
 It's *Periods* happy, and its *Cadence* true,
 It's flights surprizing, and expressions *New*.
 Perspicuous in it's *meaning* as the *Light*,
 And grateful to the Ear, and to the Sight.

Waller, at first, as *Moses* led the way,
 And shew'd our Dark'ned Land a distant Day.
 Dispell'd some Clouds which Gather'd round it's Head,
 And made the Gloom of Night much thinner spread,

But

But Nature's Debt He pay'd, and scarce had spy'd,
 The Darkness to decrease, but slept and dy'd.
 When *Dryden*, like a second *Joshua* came,
 His Fortune greater, though his Task the same.
 And led us to the Beautious Realms of Light,
Possessing what the other had in *Sight*,
 Bringing the *North* much nearer to the *Sun*,
 And *perfecting* what *Waller* had *begun*.

Yet though his Works are all sublimely Great,
 And dare the Teeth of Time, and Rage of Fate ;
 Though *Absolon's* Rebellion ever *shines*,
 And *Fleckno's* dullness *Sparkles* in his Lines.
 Though *Mourning ANTHONI* still makes us *Weep*,
 And brave *VENTIDIUS* Manly Sorrows keep.
 Though, All H' has done dares Envy's Nicest Test,
 And His *worst* Poem's better than our *Best*.
 His latest Work, though in His last decays,
 As far exceeds His former as Our Praise.
 And *Chaucer* shall again with Joy be Read,
 Whose Language with its Master lay for Dead,
 'Till *Dryden*, striving His Remains to save,
 Sunk in His *Tomb*, who brought him from his *Grave*.

F I N I S.

GALLUS.

MUSA, lyræ gemitus pollens, graviumq; modorum
 Lamenta! O quæ busta colis, cui funera curæ:
 Quæ mœstis mixta exequiis Pompâq; sequaci,
 Solemnes cytheræ questus & murmura fracta,
 Unum addis Decus, & tristis solatia Lethi;
 Hactenus Heroum inferiæ, & communia Regum
 Fata tibi tetigêre Lyræ, luctusq; ciebant:
 At nunc majus opus, major te funeris ordo
 Exigit: O si Diva pares in carmina fletus
 Possis transferre, & lacrymas æquare canendo!
 Occidit! occidit ille! tibi, tibi, & omnibus æquè
 Dilectus musis, & Phœbi maxima cura:
 Occidit, ---- O Dea si possim non dicere! - Gallus;
 Gallus abit; non Musa illum Geniusq; morantur,
 Non vatum studia, atq; preces, communia vota;
 Vox illi tandem Musarum oblita filebat,
 Jam comiti desueta Lyræ, & socialibus ausis;
 Ipsa etiam exanimi de vertice conscia Laurus,
 Sicca, & rivali cedens invita cupresso,
 Labitur infœlix, ignotum frondibus olim
 Passura Autumnum, dum magni ad funera vatis
 Ire parat, lacerata comas, nova præfica Gallo.
 At nos interea, Quos inter carmina Gallus
 Respexit quondam, atq; aliquo dignabat honore,

Ibimus, ibimus, in lacrymas, oculisq; soluti,
 Torrentes toti in guttas, fletumq; liquemur :
 Qui gemitus! planctusq; ! & quâ suspiria surgent
 Tempestate ! ruet Pectus magno omne tumultu.
 Verùm quid lacrymæ & gemitus ? num talia plenos
 Sufficiunt luctus ? sunt hæc vulgaria mœsti
 Argumenta animi : naturaq; prodiga donis,
 Omnibus ista opifex dedit instrumenta colendi :
 Sunt aliæ mœrendi artes, quas ipse docebat,
 Et sibi nunc poscit supremo in funere Gallus,
 Debet enim solo lugeri in carmine vates.
 Quis verò ille audax numeris, Musæq; faventi
 Adnixus ? tanto dignum qui funere carmen
 Expediat Cytherâ, atq; operæ se comparet isti
 Æqualem : solus tantis *Congrevius* ausis
 Par erit : O quàm tunc tua mollitèr ossa quiescant,
 Ista tuas olim si dicat fistula laudes !
 Nostamen hæc, quoniam fieri sibi talia Gallus
 Dona velit, nos hæc dicemus carmina Gallo,
 Carmina Qualiacunque, neget quis carmina Gallo ?
 Ergo dilectum terris Proserpina vatem
 Invidet, & tardum fatis nolentibus Ensem
 Arripiens, vitæ stamen vocale recidit :
 Nunc tacito Lethes in littore sola moratur
 Regina, opperiens vatem, & venientibus Umbris,
 Multa super Gallo perquirat, & omnis in illo est :
 Sæpe manus oculosq; ad stagna horrentia tendit :
 Sæpe Charonta monet dictis ; Cave, Portitor, illum
 Si manum in turbâ videas, aut forsan arenâ
 Errantem, (nec scire labor) fidelia sunt

Signa,

Signa, illi in dextrâ Laurus, sed Carmen in ore :
 Hunc age Puppe, senex, nostras citò transfer ad oras :
 Sed dum carpis iter liquidum, impellentibus undis,
 Serva oculis vatem, nè nigræ toxica Lethes
 Degustet libans, captus novitate bibendi,
 Unde animi caligo, & longa oblivio Musæ.
 Hæc Dea ; decessit senior, nova jussa facessens.
 Gallus adest ; tristi medicum solatia Carmen
 Reginae apportans, non ramo gratior auro
 Æneas venit armatus, duce vate Sibyllâ.
 Gallus adest, dignus qui suavi Tartara & Umbras
 Leniret cantu, & Lapso succederet Orphei.
 Te nunc, Galle, tenet totum Proserpina, & omni
 Vate suo fruitur : dum nos duce & Auspice magno
 Ploramus vidui, non tanto prodiga fletu
 Albion effluxit, cum Musis intimè amicus
 Wilmottus, Veneriq; suum prope Adonida charus,
 Occubuit, vitæ & Genii juvenilibus annis :
 Fluctibus hunc totis Isis mæretur ademptum,
 Atque ægro, mordens ripas, it languidus amni :
 Nunc socios addit Chami Soror unda dolores,
 Mœsta super Gallo, & simili tumet æmula fletu :
 Ergo olim gemini vatum duo lumina Fratres
 Occasus adiêre suos ? lapsique recedunt
 In tenebras, fracti radios, & luce retusi ?
 Nobis donec erat Gallus, totusq; superstes,
 Suffecit plenum numen : multo imbre potentem
 Indulgens influxum, & largos Carminis haustus ;
 Tunc Cytheræ viguere artes, volucrisq; Camœnæ
 Fulta suis humeris, terras facemq; jacentis

Orbiculi fugit pennis, & in astra soluto
 Aspirans cursu, patrium affectavit Olympum :
 Huc, Gallo monstrante viam, cita Musa sequuta est,
 Sed non Icariis ausis, temeroq; volatu,
 Qualis præcipiti in nubes arrepta Columba
 It lapsu, pennas crepitans, atq; acta tumultu :
 Quin meliore alâ surgentem imitatur Alaudam,
 Quæ leni suspensa aurâ, sese admovet astris
 Paulatim exultans, & iter deliberat alis :
 Dumq; viam rectâ vadit, multo ore loquelas
 Vocales agit, & Carmen meditatur eundo :
 Sic Gallus canit, & sic surgit in astra canendo.
 Ille habiles numeros aptâ compage coire
 Fecit, & immixtas ignotâ vatibus Anglis
 Ire viâ dedit, & proprio decurrere Rivo :
 Tale sibi meruit divina Cecilia Carmen,
 His primum cantata modis ; nunc dicimus Artem,
 Quod fuit antè Furor: cum raptus Pegasus œstro
 Exiit vagus, immensum exspatiatus in æquor,
 Non equitem curans, non fræna undantia Collo :
 Nunc domitus parer imperio, & dat sessile tergum
 Servilis, patiens stimuli, atq; assuetus habenis.
 Quis Deus hanc tibi, Galle, artem ! quæ Musa docebat ?
 Multum blanda equidem quondam Natura benigno
 Indulsiit gremio, cum primæ semina Musæ
 Inferuit puero, & Genii rudimenta futuri :
 Ars tandem inventrix operum, & maturior ætas
 Perfecit Musam, vatemq; absolvit adu'tum.
 Sive tibi placuit cato sermone jöcari
 Comædum, & parvâ ante oculos quasi picta tabellâ

Sistere,

Sistere discursus varios, viræq; tumultum :
 Ceu gravior tragicos admisit Musa dolores,
 Syrma trahens longum, cultosq; accincta cothurnos :
 Cedat in hoc tibi Shaksperus, Jonsonus in illo.
 Nota tibi ante alios imprimis Fabula vates,
 Virtutem arcanam, & morum Myſteria ſacra
 Intus habens, qualem Chauceri ſæpe canebat
 Simplex munditiæ, & ſine luxu culta Camœna.
 Non ſic Archilochus mordacem accuebat Iambum :
 Siquando accinctus Satyrâ, ruis obuius hoſti,
 Bellator, numeroſq; acres in prælia ducis,
 Et vibras calamum, & jacularis miſſile carmen.
 Sin Puerum aligerum, & blandos deſcribere Amores
 Mens erat : O quali Venerem, quâ Dædalus arte
 Formabas ! Non ſic ſpeculis expreſſa videtur,
 Nec talis quondam in tabulâ Dea vixit Apellis :
 Ipſa autem ut molli dilapſa eſt carmine Muſa !
 Fervens, ac ſi animâ quâdam informata caleret :
 Hæc tacitum paulatim ignem, blandosq; tepores
 Admovit Puero, & Tormentum lene Puellis ;
 Flete ergo, facilem vobis in Amore Magiſtrum,
 Paſtores, & vos, molliſſima pectora, Nymphæ :
 Flete omnes unâ Rivi, montesq; Feræque,
 Et nemora, hæc etenim Galli teſtantur Amores :
 Flete & vos mœſti colitis qui Thameſis undam,
 Nunc primum triſtes alieno in funere, Cygni :
 Et ſiqua in Sylvis Philomela, & ſiqua per agros,
 Dum Gallus tacet ora, loqui dignabitur Echo.
 Galle cinis tantum, & magni nunc nominis umbra,
 Te fata abripiunt terris, & poſtulat orcus :

At longo indignus fruitur Du---feius ævo ;
 Atq; parem misero extendit cum carmine vitam
 Bl---orus : sic fata volunt, crudelia fata ;
 Quin propera, quò te immitis Proserpina cogit :
 Fœlices animæ Elysio stant littore passim ;
 Et cupidis ardent venientem amplectier ulnis :
 Expectat Cowleus amans, viridiq; decorus
 Spencerus lauru, & major Miltonus utroque ;
 Fallórne ? an Gallum video prope flumina Lethes
 Errantem ire inter Sylvas & murmura fluctuum ?
 Una illi it comes, ante alias venerabilis umbras,
 Virgilius, lateriq; hæret, nam charior illi
 Nemo fuit, Galloq; prior nec gratior hospes,
 Novit enim quantum debent sua Carmina Gallo ;
 Ergo nunc juncto errantes per littora passu
 Arva legunt, bibulâq; ambo exspatiantur arenâ :
 Nunc & humi fessi recubant, Umbrâq; fruuntur ;
 Interea antiquas iterum juvat ire per artes :
 Et memorem Calamis revocati in Carmina Phœbum,
 Alternant dulces numeros : quæ gratia versuum
 Musarumq; fuit vivis, quæ jungere molles
 Cura modos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos :
 Sæpe ibi Virgilius, captus dulcedine Musæ,
 Vatemq; amplexus, dignas pro carmine grates
 Persolver, sæpe ingeminans.-----
 “ Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine Poëta,
 “ Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
 “ Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
 Fortunate senex ! cui tanto copia vati
 Contendisse erat, & qui vinci dignus haberis,

Pene licet Calamo æquiparas & voce Magistrum ;
Fortunate Senex ! Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.

Ex Aul. C.

In obitum J. Drydeni Anglorum vatum facile Principis.

Quòd moreris, Drydene, senex & grandior annis,
Invidiâ justum est exonerare necem :
Sed quòd Musa tibi & Carmen juvenile valebat,
Debita erat Genio vita secunda tuo.

Ex A. C.

In obitum J. Drydeni Anglorum vatis celeberrimi.

CHaros Drydeni Cineres servate Camœnæ,
Maturum superis tollite ad astra senem ;
Quid pugnas cecinit, teneros quid lufit amores ?
Si nec Mars Cœlum, nec Cytherea dabit ?
Heroas frustra immortales Carmine fecit,
Si vitâ, meritis quam dedit, ipse caret :
Altrè suspiret, Domino moriente, Theatrum,
Et gemitu longè mœnia rupta sonent ;
Non vano juvat exerceri brachia plausu,
Ægrè sufficiunt planctibus ista suis.
Quis melius novit risu diducere rictum ?
Quis, lacrymas Tragicâ sollicitare Lyrâ ?

Sive

Sive humili focco, tumido indutusve Cothurno,
 Hac Sophocles, illâ parte Menander erat.
 Num prope Virgilii vestigia sacra secutus,
 Anglicos docuit verba Latina modos,
 Credidimus redivivi animam remeasse Maronis,
 Et vatem agnovit Mantua læta suum:
 Felix morte Senex ! in terris cum tibi fatum
 Nil habuit melius, quod daret, astra dedit.

R. H.

*In celeberrimum Joannem Dryden Chauceri Sepulchro
 Intectum.*

Suaviter hic longo dormi defuncte labore,
 Dum jungit socios una Caverna sinus;
 Dumq; tuas canimus laudes, hæc accipe blanda
 Mente, minor Vatum quæ tibi turba damus.
 Galfridi exuvias quæ prisca incluserat olim
 Hospite lætetur Nobilis Urna novo:
 Drydeni cineres terrâ hac capiente repôstos,
 Chaucerus tumulo splendidiore jacet:
 O par felices ! hac quis mercede recuset
 Unâ vobiscumconcu buisse, Mori ?

Bevill Higgons.

In

In obitum Drydeni.

ERgo mori potuit, notoq; occumbere morbo
 Qui nutu peperit mundos, Heroas & astris
 Addidit invictos, animasq; resolverat Orco
 Semideus Drydenus? Ubi vis vestra, Camœnæ,
 Omnipotens? Latices, choreæq;? Modiq; revulsos
 Qui scopulos animare solent? Quid, Apollo, salubris
 Ars tua, cum nequeas evolvere morte Clientem?
 Cui jam *χαιρε* canent volucres? Quis Panis adoret
 Numen, & indomitum mulcebit Tigrida cantu?
 Dira quis intactum per fulmina Martis Achillem,
 Flammivomasq; acies ducet? Quisve eximat atras
 Curarum turmas, & amicos subjuget hostes?
 Hoc sistat mors læta triumpho, atq; expleat alveum,
 Fessa suis spoliis, uno quæ vulnere plagas
 Mille dedit, vitæq; ipsam demisit ad umbras

Quare, O Melpomene, retices ingrata? Tragœdus
 More suo poscit lacrymas; nil dignius unquam
 Protulit hâc scenâ, quam nunc agit: omnia latè,
 Drydeno fugiente, silent; jam reprimit Echo
 Vocem, nec Thamefis fluctus ad littora volvens
 Ambrosios, simulat studia indefessa Theatri
 Contigui. -----
 Si nolit Dea musa, Dolor sua carmina solvet.

Quid primum incipiam? Vates quo cardine cursum
 Cœperat, atq; omnes victor volitavit in oras?

Ille sed haud gradibus, sub limite protinus altus
 Emicuit, pariterq; omnes, seipsumq; reliquit :
 Grande laborantem matrem demissa levavit
 Pallas, & inflato spumavit Apolline natus.
 Quoq; die major visus mortalia supra
 Exiluit nimbo effulgens, Erroris & Umbras
 Dispulit, assiduëq; ignotas extudit artes.
 Postquam animum firmata sacrum suffulserat ætas,
 Meta nec ingenio, nec terminus ullus honori,
 Constitit in terram, & caput inter sydera torfit.
 Phantasia effrænis jussu penetralia pandit,
 Et cunctas referavit opes, commenta, figuras,
 Erroresq; sibi implicitos, mixtasq; chimæras :
 Ille chaos lustravit equo subvectus amandum
 Gorgoneo, flagransque, citum ceu fulgur ab alto,
 Ardua signavit, nec vi, nec luce minore.

O ubi vis numerum, subtiliaq; arma cohortis
 Pacificæ ! Voces Drydenus detulit omni
 Materiæ parilis, & gemmas condidit auro
 Arte nitente suâ, miraculaq; intima Musæ
 Elicuit, Græcis non vestiganda Poëtis.
 Molles harmoniæ, versusq; Cupidinis alis
 Induti, multo præcordia cæca furore
 Suave subintrârunt, magicoq; tremore tenellas
 Mulserunt fibras ; Dolor incantatus averno
 Pectoreo secessit, & ad sua Tartara fugit,
 Et spectra, atq; angues stygii propago Tyranni,
 Cantus alterni, variëq; fluentia verba
 Agmine discordi, vel sopivère Tonantem

De-

(II)

Desuper ore minas Martem, vel amore sepultum
Degeneri excierant, Quam denso fulmine fictæ
Insonuere tubæ ! quanto clangore Phalanges
Horrebant campis, & inexpugnabilis Heros !
Sæpe quis in scenis flammantem stringeret enseni
Igne micans spumasq; vomens, bellumq; cieret
Stultas in Orchestrâ, & tabo violaret Olivam.

Scriptis vita magis divina, Poëta choream.
Angelicam nova metra docebat, & illa vicissim
Nectare facta rigavit : abhinc dein forsitan Error
Nube fidem involvit ; tamen haud de tramite recto
Flexit iter : Venerans divinâ laude corona
Illum etiam coluit, dixitq; à Numine numen,
Cur ergò fugit Elysios, & vulgus adorans ?
Quid dabit ulterius Cœlum ? Nihil obstupet agros
Sydereos, hymnosque, & inenarrabile carmen ;
Terris invenit cœlum, & super æthere terras.

Nil mortale habuit, nisi mortem ; robora membris,
Atq; animo vires sua fudit Musa ; quid illi
Urbs vitio lethalis, & injucunda senectus ?
Sacrilegâ libare manu, insontiq; nocere
Contremuit Febris, genuinum & penè calorem
Deposuit. Quamvis nimium fera, Parca recidit
Justâ morte quidem, (justâ si morte Poëtas)
Elusitq; modis tormenta : Poëticus ardor
Ignibus expirat veris ; Phœbiq; sacerdos
Phœbo congemuit supremum, & Fratris oloris
More sui, puram fundit cum carmine vitam.

Ac

Ac veluti senio languens, & sole propinquo,
 Nativis moritur flammis Hyperionis Ales;
 Fragranter nebulæ cum pompâ sydera lambunt,
 Naturæq; globus patitur, dum sacra volucris
 Ad Patrem-redit, & secum genus omne trucidat.
 Sic nostras abiit Phœnix; se nubila pandunt
 Lucida sub pedibus, revehuntq; per æthera Cœli
 Indigenem, sociumq; viris sociumq; Tonanti.

At fœti properant cineres rurgescere; dignus
 Hæres *Congrevius*, Geniiq; Monarcha Paterni,
 Instaurat lauros, & Famæ remigat alas.
 Orbis ab integro volvetur, & aurea surget
 Ætas; dum sacrâ sedanti voce minaces
 Drydeno superûm nimbos, & ferrea monstra,
Congrevioq; ferum vulgus, Pacisq; procellas,
 Aspirent æterna Deique, & sceptrâ Wilhelmi.

Tho. Wroughton Commensal.
 E. Trin. Coll. Oxon.

In Drydenum, Oxon.

MUſarum comes insignis, Phœbiq; sacerdos
 Drydenus, vatum Gloria, morte ſilet,
 Muſa gemit pannis, curiſq; ſeneſcit Apollo,
 Numinis & mœſtus damnat inane decus:
 Surge age, quid differſtaciturna Britannia luctus,
 Proffer, amans, vati debita dona tuo;

Sparge

(13)

Sparge suos flores, propriâq; hunc cingito lauro,
Sic ver æternum floreat in tumulo;
Atqui, Orpheo similis, si iterum revocabis, adempto
Quæ cicinit vivus carmina, sola dabis.

Yours,

H. O.

DRydenus Vatum Princeps & Carminis Auctor,
Phœbi Deliciæ Pieridumq; Decus;
Naturæ sed & artis Apex, Amor Urbis & Aulæ,
Flos Sæcli, Grantæ Gloria, Gentis Honos;
Lauri Tutamen Socci Laus atq; Cothurni:
Cui nil post Flores defuit atq; Fidem.

Cambridge, May 14.

1700.

In Joannem Dryden Poetarum facile Principem:

SI quis in has ædes intret fortassè Viator;
Busta Poëtarum dum veneranda notet,
Cernat & exuvias Drydeni: plura referre
Haud opus, ad laudes Vox ea sola satis.

Gulielmus Marston, A. M.
Trin. Coll. Cant.

D d

In

*In obitum Joannis Drydeni Poetae inter optimos
Celeberrimi.*

Finis (quod aiunt) coronat opus,
Ita & Principium. Hoc *Parcis* innocuit.
Ut hujus & alterius sæcli ergo claudant & incipiant
Mortuorum agmen, consulere optimè
Rapiendo Maximos : *Drydenum* scilicet & *Beaumontium*,
Hunc *Theologum*, Poëtarum alterum summum & ultimum.

J. T. A. M. Cantab.

Drydeni Epitaphium.

Ædes alma Petri, quâ non Augustior ulla,
Magnorum servat Nomina & Ossa Virûm,
Drydeni cape Reliquias, non carior Umbra,
Non tibi depositum grandius esse potest :
A Te partus Honos annis puerilibus, à Te
Æternum noscit Flebilis Urna decus.

*In obitum celeberrimi Joannis Dryden Armigeri
Poetae Lauro longè Dignissimi.*

Occidit heu Vatum Præsul, tibi Laurus, Apollo !
Hinc patet & tantum fallere posse Deum :

Hoc

Hoc fuit Oraculum; tu semper Laure virefces.
Undè igitur Lauri pallet imago tuæ?

In Eundem.

M Armora Chauceri lacrymas, Couleiaq; sistunt,
Dum Drydene pium perficis Arte Chorum.
Dormis? an Moreris? non dormio: Musa Poëtis
Vix dormire dedit; sed minùs illa mori.

N. H.

In obitum celeberrimi J. Dryden Armigeri.

Spargite Piërides, lugubri ornatè Cupressu
Fraternum tumulum, spargite saxa Rosis.
Archipoëta obiit, viridantis Gloria Laurus,
Quæ, læta olim Hujus cingere plexa caput,;
Jam proprium flectit, languens & marcida, Fati
Visa volens Domini participare sui.
Extincto Phœbo, Stellæ nos unde minores
Lucemus radios Versiculiq; Modos?
Unde Elegia tibi dabitur Drydene? Aganippe
Sacra est cum Venis arida facta tuis.
Condere Magnates propria ut Monumenta solebant
Vivi, nè Reliquis non bene culta forent;
Teq; etiam optandum est Tumuli, dum vixeris, Oden
(Impote quoquam alio) composuisse tuam.

Si

Si spectas Vatem, quam clarus Apollinis arte !
 Quâ, licet extinctus, vivit & usq; viger.
 Dramatibus facile Princeps ; nunc ipse Theatro
 Exiit, exacta est Fabula, Scena cadit.

Edv. Wright.

De Eodem.

Quam peterem Musam ! demersa fluitibus Omnes,
 Lugentes Fratrâs fata suprema sui.
 Dryden mortem obiit celebris ! quis talia fando
 Temperet à lacrymis ! Præfica falsa fuge.
 Invida cùm vero secuit Filum Atropos, anni
 Optavit Florem tempora verna legens.
 Cum rident agri variorum flore Colorum,
 Singulus & præbet florida Serta frutex.
 Jam cessent Saphonis avis modulamine, Sapho
 Cantare, in Dryden sit Nota versa gravis.
 Si taceant homines, clamarent Saxa, Feræq;
 Indeplorata & non sua fata finant.
 Dum vero occumbis, nec eris revocandus ab ullo,
 Quod dici superest, Sit tibi terra levis.

Joh. Wright.

Joanni Dryden Poetæ Anno 1697.

TU Liquido delate Biformis in Æthere Vates,
(Olim Mæonij Carminis Ales eras.)

Accipe Cognatos fert quos Tibi *Cygnus* Honores:

Non nisi *Cygnis* Laus tua digna modis.

At Turpes absint Luctus, nam Funus inane,

Nulla supervacuo Nænia more juvat.

Andoænus Swan.

Ad Poetarum Maximum.

TE laudare opus est, Musis & Apolline dignum
Te laudare quidem solus Apollo potest.

Carmina Scripsisti Tu plurima Apolline digna,

Nunc Te digna semel Carmina Apollo canat.

John Sparling.

Epitaphium Johannis Dryden Poetæ Laureati.

HIC socios inter, vates cultissime, *Dryden*;
Qui Sacrà jussus cingere fronde caput.

Purior electro verbis tibi vena disertis

Labitur, ut placidis *Thamesis* unda vadis.

Ipse potens tragico furas vincere cothurno,

Cæsa gemit numeris turba maligna tuis.

E

Tu

Tu dederas Patriâ modulantem voce *Maronem*,
Sæpe tuo doctum cultius ore loqui.

Si lingua Angligenûm fatis innotesceret orbi,
Te, *Thamesis*, Tiberi diceret esse parem.

J. C.

In Memoriam Johannis Dryden Armigeri omnibus numeris absoluti.

NEMO Poetarum sic scripsit, nemo Sepulchro
Aut potuit moriens Nobiliore Tegi.
Inde jacent cineres *Chauceri*, atque inde *Denhami*
Umbræque dat focios dextra, sinistra sinus.
Sed quod in Æternos jam vivis mortuus Annos,
Insequiturque Tuos Affeque Fama rogos,
Hoc tibi non totum debes, dum *Garthus* amicum
Et *Montacutus* junxerit almus opem.
Nec tibi defuncto sic grates solveret Ætas,
Ni daret Hic *Laudes*, Hic *Monumenta* daret.

Ex Civitate
Londinensi Maij
Vicesimo tertio,
1700.

Henricus Vernon.

DEscende Cælo, Melpomene, semel
Cui nascituro carmine plauseris
Hunc mortuum sacrare Plectro
Et rapidâ nece vindicare,
Vixit choreis semper Idoneus,

Et

Et militavit non sine gloriâ,
 Defunctus idem jam Beati
 Pars veneranda chori futurus,
 Quo major alter non fuit, impiger
 Bello potentes seu caneret duces,
 Seu res agrestes dulcè avenâ,
 Dulce tubâ cecinisse novit.
 Testis mearum Calliope sacra
 Sententiarum, & tu Polyhymnia,
 Utrisque focco vel cothurno
 Perpetuos meruit Triumphos.
 Novem Sororum maxime Pontifex,
 Semper futurus maximus es, lavat
 Quà fabulosus Camus arva
 Qua riguus Tamefinus Amnis.
 Absint, Amici, Funere næniæ
 Tristesque luctus mittite, non obit,
 (Ut Zoilus vult) vectus alis
 Pegaseis Acheronta fugit.
 Si dulcem haberent Orphea Tártara,
 Effet laboris Sisyphus immemor,
 Tutus *Prometheus*, nec minaces
 Eumenidum quereretur Angues.
 Hâc arte *Chancer* nixus, & hâc merens
Couleius arces attigit igneas,
 Quos inter accumbens *Drydenus*
 Nectareos bibit ore Succos.
 Busti caduci mitte superfluos
 Sculptor labores, ori hominum omnium
 Mandatus, excellentiora
 Ipse sibi Monumenta struxit.

μοῖσιν λέγει τυχεροῖ· κατέβησας ἀνδρὸς Αἰθιῶν,
 ἔπειτα γινώσκει Ζῶϊλος ἐν διαγῶνι,
 αὐτὸς ἐν ζῶντι θ' ἀντιφῶς ἐν βροτοῖσι·
 κλένει γὰρ σὺ στυγῶν, Ζῶϊλος ἀλλὰ λαλῶν.

P. W. Trin. Coll. Cant.

*In Obitum Celeberrimi Poetæ Joannis Dryden,
 Armigeri.*

Pindarus *Anglorum* Magnus, cujusque senilem
 Onavit nuper frontem Parnassia Laurus,
 Sive Cothurnatum molitur Musa laborem,
 Sive levem ludit Soccum, seu grande Maronis
 Immortalis Epos tentat, seu Carmine pingit
 Mordaci mores hominum, nunc occidit, eheu!
 Occidit, atque tulit secum Permessidos undas;
 Et Fontem, exhaustit totum *Drydenius* Heros.

Heu miserande senex! Jam frigida tempora circum
 Marcessit Laurus, Musæ, mœstissima turba
 Circumstant, largoque humectant Imbre cadaver:
Sheffeldum en video lacrymis multoque dolore
 Formosum, ætatis Flaccum, Vatisque Patronum;
 Te *Montacuti*, Te cujus Musa Triumphos
 Carmine *Boynæos* cecinit, Magnumque *Wilhelmum*
 Æternavit, & olim *Boynam*, ignobile flumen;
 Teque, O! Et Legum, & Musarum gloria! Et alter
 Mæcenæ; cui Lingua olim facunda labantem
 Defendit Mitæ Causam; nec terruit Aula
 Prava jubens — Vos, O jam tangunt funera vatis!
 Jamque dies aderat, magnâ stipante catervâ,

Quo *Phœbææ* cohors sacras comitatur ad urnam
 Reliquias, & Supremum pia solvit Honorem;
 Jamque graves planctus, jamque illætabile murmur
 Audio Melpomenis Intè, dum noster Apollo
 Flebilis ante omnes, *Sacvillus*, tristia ducit
 Agmina Pieridum, Cytharamque accomodat Odæ;
 Ipse ego, dum totidem comitentur Funera Musæ,
 Ipse sequar mæstus; Bustum venerabile fletu
 Carminibusque struam multis, Animamque Poetæ
 His saltem Donis cumulabo, & fungar inani
 Munere —————

At Te Musæ mori vetat, O! Post Fata, vel ipsa
 Marmora, cum annorum fuerint rubigine scabra,
 Major eris vivo; Tibi Scripta perennius ære
 Aut Saxo, condent Monumentum æterne per Orbem,
 Secula cuncta legant, & Te mirentur in illis.

Joannes Phillips,

Interioris Templi Alumnus.

In Obitum Drydeni Celeberrimi.

PLangite Pierides, *Drydeni* plangite Mortem,
 Quem Parcæ nuper surripuere truces:
 Sic *Jovis* imperium voluit! Gens *Anglica* luget
 Abreptum Vatem, non habitura parem.
 Non opus est Tumuli, non pompæ Funeris illi,
 Dum valeant Musæ, Virgiliusque manet.

Clobery Bromley, 14. Annorum.

F

In

In Obitum Drydeni Desideratissimi.

QUEM peperêre novem Musæ, Rex alter amabat,
 Mors timuit, Cœlo *Jupiter* ipse locat.
 Qui cæmen in Cœlo est, (heu lamentabile Fatum!)
 Invida at indigno pulvere terra premit.
 Mors habet, at timuit: Cœlo est, quem terra recondit
 Qui cecinit, mutus; Qui moriturque Canit.

D. A. Ex *Æde Christi* Oxon.

Ἐπὶ τὴν θάνατον τοῦ Ἰωάννου τοῦ Δρυϊδεντοῦ: Ἐπιγράμμα
 Μισητός ὃς φίλος ἦν, Δρυϊδὲν, καὶ ὃς φίλος ἔσσεις;
 Ἰσθρῶσιν οὐ πολλοῖς ἱκανός, ἀπέθαιε.

Josephus Warren.

μέλος τὴν ἐπιτάφιον.

Ἐνθάδε ὁ ΔΡΥΔΗΝΟΣ, ψυχῆς πάλιν ἄσπερος ἰσθμῶς,
 Ποιητῶν βασιλεὺς κεῖται ἐν Ἀναξί ταφείοις.
 Δακρυχέειπτε, θεῶν, ἐλπίσιν κέλευσε τραγῳδοῖς,
 ὧς πάλαι ἐν σκηνῇ, δάκρυα πολλὰ θανάτων.
 Ἀρσενίου νεκρῶ, μέσαι σπράσσει ὅδε πηγὰς
 Ἐξάντλησον ὕλην μὴ λάβειν, ἀλλὰ διδῆναι.
 Τῶν ἀπ' ἐπὶ αὐτοῦ ζῆσιν, ποίησις ἅπ' αὐτῶν,
 Οὐρανὸν δὲ διάφνυν, καὶ ἅπ' Ἀνακτορῶν ἔχεν.
 Δαίδαλα τί μνημεῖα: θέλεις αἰώνιον εἶναι
 Οἱ τάφον; ἐξαιρῆς μάρμαρα, θῆς ἢ βίβλους.

Rob. Muchall, A. B. E. Coll. Trin. Oxon.

*In Obitum Johannis Dryden Armigeri, Poëtæ
omnibus numeris absoluti.*

Æternum precor, Æternum miser iste fileſcat,
Cui nunc ingrato lingua filere poteſt.
Impia perpetuis damnetur vita tenebris,
Inter cognatas deliteatque feras.
Exulet indignus noſtris procul exulet oris
Ad Scythiæ, ad ſævas Tartariæve plagas;
Alma ubi doctri-næ ſacræ non lumina fulgent,
Error ubi & feritas barbara regnat ovans.
Sed quis divino Muſarum inimicus honori
Oblituſque tui nominis eſſe poteſt?
Quem non, o vates, mira dulcedine muſſit
Lingua tua Aonijs, Lingua canora modis?
Quem non elatæ numeroſi ſuperbia Muſæ
Movit, magniloquis Muſa ſevera ſonis?
Fallor, an ipſe etiam videor ſentire citatum
Morum inflammari meque calore novo?
Sentio Muſa ſuâ cauſâq; animata ſuperbit,
Et mens inſolito plena furore tumet.
O mihi *Drydenis* inſurgant carmina verbis
Dignè *Drydeniam*, lugeam ut ipſe necem.
Tu tantus, nemo exprimeret diſpendia tanti,
Sunt ploranda ſuo carmine fata ſua.
Qualiter *Antonius Cleopatra* funera deſlet,
Qualiter *Antonij* vel *Cleopatra* ſui.
Sed Lingua iſta ſilet, quâ olim dicente filebant
Omnia, & ingratos compoſuere ſonos.
Lingua cui toties, ſylvæ lapideſque ſequaces,
Et tumida immenſi paruit unda freti.
Barbara quæ toties mollivit pectora victrix

(Quo solum potuit) funere victa flet.
 O Solitos ponas ludos lugubre theatrum,
 Ponas scena tuos deliciosa jocos.
 Aut saltem larè resonent plangoribus, olim
 Quæ plausu effuso personuere loca.
 Vos caltæ Musæ lachrymas miscete, Poetam
 Ploresque extinctum Phœbe Poeta tuum.
 Musarum certè a Musis plorandus amator,
 Carmine & excellens, carmine dignus erit.
 Cur autem plorent Musæ, cur mœstus Apollo,
 Cur magè non Cœlum lætitiâ omne sonet?
 Nam sunt Divinæ Musæ, Divinus Apollo,
 Atque est Divinis additus ille choris.
 Excercet cantum, accumbens mensisque Deorum
 Intentis dicit carmina amena Deis.
 Quem longum optastis nunc invida Numina habetis,
 Et frueris, vates Delie, vate tuo.
 O utinam tua vita æterna, ut scripta, fuisset,
 Scripta nisi extremo non peritura die.
 Vos superi, (modo cum superis contendere fas sit)
 Aut Cœlum factis insimulare suis,
 Cur vos suprâ alios illi ornamenta dedistis
 Non longos etiam suprâ aliosque dies?
 Cur mortali homini mens immortalior insit,
 Omne nisi in vitâ sit similisque Deo?
 Divinis autem nostrum est submittere jussis,
 Et velle, æterni quod voluere Dei.
 Sed levius damnum ut fiat, Congreve resurgas,
 Et felix pergat carmine Musa novo.
 Ipse Poeta locum possis supplere Poetæ
 Fulgebitque suo funere, vita tua.
 Cum moritur Phœnix hoc quod compenset habemus,
 Ex summo est Phœnix altera nata rogo.

Jo. Wyvill e Coll. Sacrosanctæ & individue Trinitatis Catab.

F I N I S.

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